

COUNTRY LIFE

SPRING AGRICULTURE NUMBER

MARCH 6, 1942

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



Until then . . . When the lighted windows of the farmhouse blaze a welcome to the ploughman wending his homeward way, there will be peace on earth again. Until then, farmers are helping to win the Battle of the Atlantic in the fields around their homes, and Fordsons are forming a battle fleet by assisting in the production of vital foodstuffs, thereby releasing valuable shipping space for materials of war.

Farm by **Fordson**

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PERSONAL

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SKATES, best plated, fitted special brown leather Lillywhite boots, size 8. Complete with leather skate guards and brown waterproof carrying case—all absolutely new and unused. What offers?—Box 953.

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PERSONAL

SOLICITORS, EXECUTORS and others are advised that FURNITURE AND EFFECTS are realising TOP PRICES in the AUCTION ROOMS to-day. Large consignments purchased for cash if desired.—Consult W. E. COE & SONS, Incorporated Auctioneers, Auction Rooms, 79/85, Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, S.W.7. Ken. 2422/4.

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TALKIE PROJECTORS, Bell Howell, Amprosound, Geheoscope, etc., and 16 mm. Sound Films WANTED URGENTLY also Leica and Contax Cameras and Accessories. Highest cash prices paid for these and for all modern photographic and Cine equipment. Modern microscopes and accessories also required.—DOLLOND'S, 28, Old Bond St., London, W.1; and at 428, Strand, W.C.2; 35, Brompton Rd., S.W.3; 281, Oxford St., W.1.

THE professional services of Tom Wiberley, author of the *New Farming* (Pearson's 8/6), advocate of the WIBBERLEY SELF-SUPPORTING SYSTEM OF CONTINUOUS CROPPING, and pioneer of the WIBBERLEY ACRE, are now available in a consulting and advisory capacity to farmers and smallholders. Personal visits arranged where necessary. Members of the WIBBERLEY ACRE ASSOCIATION with holdings up to 5 acres will be advised free of charge on remitting the cost of postage. Write—4, College Parade, Cheshunt, Herts.

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WANTED

ADDERS, CALCULATORS, TYPEWRITERS AND SAFES, &c. wanted FOR CASH. Highest prices.—TAYLOR'S, 74, Chancery Lane, London, Holborn 3793.

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ELECTRIC Generating Sets wanted. Small, medium; either paraffin or steam;—JOHN SPENCER, Horseshoe, Spalding.

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FUR SKINS. Wanted to purchase, OLD-FASHIONED VICTORIAN fur garments; lace parasols; mink's, leopard's fur; carriage rugs. Please write giving particulars. Box 942.

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MOTOR CARS

BROOKLANDS OF BOND STREET.—Where to buy and where to sell cars of good makes and low mileage.—103, New Bond Street, W.1. Mayfair 8351.

JACK BARCLAY, LTD. wish to purchase ROLLS ROYCE and BENTLEY CARS. Also other good makes of low mileage.—12 & 13, St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Mayfair 7444.

£750 offered Phantom III. Coachwork unimportant. Also 18/24 Austin, urgent. Chief Engineer, Amb. Section, Witlesham.

FOR SALE

ALLCOCK'S Spring Rod and Allcock's Superb Spinning Reel, with 40 yards 6 lbs. sub gut, as new. What offers? Apply—MANAGERESS, Breadalbane Hotel, Kenmore, Perthshire.

BLANKETS, CELLULAR: Cream, Blue, Green, Rose, Peach, 80 by 100 in., 42s.; 72 by 90 in., 36s.; 63 by 84 in., 30s. each; post free.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

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GARDENING

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"Harrison's Glory Pea," the special variety recommended by the Royal Horticultural Society, 2/3d. pint, post free, 1 pint will produce 16 times its bulk in dried peas.

Haricot Beans. We offer a collection of 6 varieties, one packet each, including the FAMOUS DUTCH BROWNS, for 6/0.

Send for special leaflets with full information.

—R. WALLACE & CO., THE OLD GARDENS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

BOWLING GREENS. We can still supply SEA WASHED TURF FOR REPAIRS SEA SAND AND FERTILISERS for top-dressing. Send your enquiries to MAXWELL M. HART, LTD., 39, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1. 'Phone: ABBEY 1774-5.

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GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED. Sherwood Cup, Chelsea Show, 1927.—GEORGE G. WHITELEG, The Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.

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VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS of quality.—W. J. UNWIN, LTD., Seeds-men, Histon, Cambs.

GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK

WE do not deny that we are a Nation of Gardeners, in fact, we are rather proud of it, particularly in times like the present, when the fortunes of war would appear to be against us. The gardener's experience teaches him that he is a philosopher. If an unexpected late frost cuts down his crops he does not recriminate, blame his neighbour, or give up gardening, but simply gets busy quickly to repair the damage.

Let us, therefore, take courage from this, safe in the knowledge that we are MASTERS OF THE SITUATION. As gardeners we shall often experience "late frosts" but we know that their damage is not irreparable. We of this great FELLOWSHIP OF GARDENERS do not hear the despondence and the beatings of the faint-hearted. Our disappointments only spur us on to greater efforts, realising as we do, so sure as night follows day, that we shall enjoy the full benefits and fruits of our labours when the crops are harvested on that final day when the bells of VICTORY ring forth.

GROW YOUR OWN FRUIT

Why be without fresh fruit when you can grow your own? Here is a Collection consisting of 4 COX'S ORANGE Bush Apple Trees, fine 3-year stock covered with flower spurs for early fruiting, together with 1 Bush Apple Tree, JAMES GRIEVE, for pollinating, 3 Bush Trees for 22/- carriage paid, 25 trees 45 carriage paid. This is an exceptional bargain.

MISCELLANEOUS FRUIT TREES

PLUMS. Four-year Half-Standard Trees, PURPLE PERISHORE, prolific cropper, VICTORIA, the ever-popular, BURBANK'S GIANT, similar to Victoria but later maturing, 5/6 each. 3 for 15/6, carriage 1/-, over 20/- carriage paid. CZAR, for cooking or bottling, 6/6 each.

Now for a selection of very fine full standard fruit trees. These are fully matured 4-5 year old well-furnished with 5-6 ft. stems, ready for immediate fruiting; these are really the best stock available.

APPLES. BRAMLEY'S SEEDLING (cooking), COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN, NEWTON WONDER (cooking).

PLUMS. CZAR, very cropper, KIRKE'S BLUE and POND'S DESSERT, PEARS, PITMASTON, DUCHESSE, huge golden yellow; COMICE (dessert).

Any of the above varieties, 8/6 each, post 1/-.

THESE are really excellent Trees which cannot be replaced.

FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN

Not only are Roses emblematic of British tradition, but they are the ideal war-time subject for your flower garden, requiring very little attention and providing a galaxy of perfumed blooms for cutting.

Cuthbert's "GOLD MEDAL" Roses are world-famous and here is a collection of Bush Rose Trees which are the choice of a well-known gardening Editor. ETOILE DE HOLLANDE, finest red; THE GENERAL, flowing crimson; SOUTHPORT, brilliant scarlet; GOLDEN DAWN, beautiful yellow; MADAME BUTTERFLY, bright apricot pink; SHOT SILK, cherry cerise; PICTURE, soft pink; PHYLLIS GOLD, yellow; CONQUEROR, orange flame; DAILY MAIL, coral red; DUCHESSE OF ATHOLL, clear orange; OLD GOLD, copper gold. I will send one strong Bush of each of these 12 Roses carriage and packing free for 15/-, and with every collection will include absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, one bush of the gorgeous rose CUTHBERT'S PINK PERFECTION, value 3/-, 2 Collections and 2 Free Gifts 28/-, 3 Collections and 3 Free Gifts £2, carriage paid. The catalogue value of these 13 Rose Trees is over 20/-.

RAMBLING AND CLIMBING ROSES. Six specially selected Rambling and Climbing Roses, all different, 10/-, carriage paid. STANDARD ROSE TREES. Six excellent sturdy specimens with large heads in the most popular varieties to my selection (state colours), 25/-, carriage paid.

"HOME SWEET HOME." This Rose was the sensation at the last Chelsea Show. Fine, true double blooms, rose pink in colour and exquisitely perfumed. My price for this, the finest of all Bush Roses, is 6 for 10/6, postage 9d., 20/-, post 1/-.

RUSSELL LUPINS. I have managed to find a small corner to keep the stock of this famous plant going and am very pleased to be able to offer them again in mixed colours, fine large roots, 7/6 doz., carriage paid, 3 doz. £1. These plants all flowered last year, giving large spikes of dazzling multi-coloured flowers.

FREE ADVISORY BUREAU

Don't forget to write to me concerning your Gardening problems. Expert advice will be given without a charge or obligation.

CUTHBERT'S GARDENING TIPS

Every Gardener should have a copy of this interesting and instructive guide, and if you have not sent for your free copy take my advice and do so AT ONCE.

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT, 47, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS. The Nation's Nurseryman since 1797.

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS
CONTINUED ON
INSIDE BACK COVER.

COUNTRY LIFE

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MARCH 6, 1942



Harlip

MRS. GORDON SMITH

Mrs. Gordon Smith is the wife of Lieut. Gordon Smith, R.N.V.R., son of Sir Robert Smith, M.P., and Lady Smith

COUNTRY LIFE

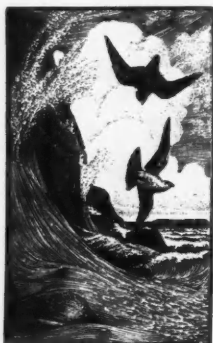
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Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2½d., Canada 1½d., Elsewhere abroad 2½d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

THE TWO THOUSAND

IT was recognised by the Ministry of Agriculture, before the new farm prices were announced, that they would not meet with unanimous approval. Mr. Hudson put things clearly when he said that farmers who are "doing well" will have to pay a lot more in taxes, though the majority will find their increased costs just covered by the new prices. But, as Lord Northbrook has pointed out in no uncertain terms, there will still be very many who, even now, will have to go on struggling to make both ends meet. The Minister however considers the new scale "a fair do; or I would not be here to-day." If this is so, and the N.F.U. agrees that it is, two things leap to the eye. Mr. Hudson's chief difficulty has arisen from the impossibility of generalising about our farmers and their farms. The Treasury have naturally seized on the prosperous farmer as their Aunt Sally. The hosts of farmers struggling, without adequate capital, to make the best of difficult land, are conveniently forgotten. But if this variety in British farming land is bound to be a constant handicap to the advocate of fair prices, at least everybody can see that it is inevitable. It is not so with the other handicap from which Mr. Hudson, as advocate, has suffered. It is not necessary that out of the 300,000 or so farmers in this country a very large number should be unable to produce any proper accounts, and that only in about 2,000 cases should scientific figures of costing be available. Not that the matter is as simple as it sounds. Small farmers cannot afford to employ costing clerks—even if they could get them—and are themselves no better qualified as accountants than as biologists, chemical experts, engineers, negotiators, or the dozen other things which we nowadays expect them to be in their spare time. Still, a good deal more might be done; claims, however just, need the backing that watertight figures alone can give; apart from which, the agricultural reconstruction after the war will be impossible without adequate facts and figures. This is one of the requirements of the "New Age" of agriculture about which Lord Bledisloe speaks. Meanwhile, it is important that there should be no repetition of prolonged delays and recurrent crises. The less delay there is in announcing the new prices for milk and malting barley the better for agricultural confidence.

THE RIDDLE OF PLANNING

LORD REITH'S and Mr. Greenwood's disappearance from the Cabinet makes the whole post-war planning situation uncertain. The Prime Minister did not make clear whether, as no successor has been appointed to the

Minister without Portfolio, the whole work of economic planning is closed down. Nor has a reason been published for the change at the Ministry of Works, which, only three weeks ago, was reconstituted as the "central planning authority" in the physical sphere. Lord Reith was appointed Minister of Works and Buildings in the summer of 1940 and charged with advising the Government on post-war policy in physical planning. Its far-reaching reorganisation by transfer to the Ministry of Works was in accordance with his recommendations, and his last public statement was that a number of complex but desirable measures, such as those dealing with compensation and distribution of industry, were well on the way to completion. Lord Reith had earned the confidence of planning authorities, both as a man of vision among thorny problems and by his steady, if deliberate, progress in what they regard as the right direction. His disappearance, therefore, is difficult to account for on grounds of principle. Has he gone too slowly, as Lord Samuel has always complained, or too far, as may be felt in certain reactionary quarters? Lord Portal has the reputation of a driving force and may expedite matters; he may be more welcome to preside over the Ministry's complex building activities; on the other hand, he is not known as particularly interested in the ideals or problems of planning.

"NEXT GENTLEMAN, PLEASE"

HE is a singularly contented man who has not to-day some little private discomfort of which he utters now and again a mild complaint. There are other such minor grievances which are common to the whole race, and many indeed must have sympathised with the *cri de coeur* of one who wrote lately to a daily newspaper. He had, he said, with a very precise bitterness, wasted exactly seven and twenty minutes of a busy day in waiting to have his hair cut, while four able-bodied men were being shaved. A man cannot, as he pointed out with inexorable lucidity, cut his own hair, but he can shave himself, and he suggested that those unable or unwilling to acquire this simple art should grow beards "for the duration." There is much to be said for his contention, for few people have been harder hit in the matter of staff than have hairdressers, and it is to-day a common experience to walk into a shop and find half a dozen customers patiently waiting for the invitation, "Next gentleman, please." We are naturally sorriest for ourselves, but we may well spare a little sorrow for the hairdresser who is, as a rule, no longer young, and must stand from morn till eve with never a break plying his scissors. No doubt he is doing good business, but no doubt also he would be content if it were just a little less good and he had just a little more rest. Shaving soap is not rationed, and the man who declines to shave himself has not that excuse: so the growing of a beard seems a not very exigent demand in the way of practical patriotism.

FAREWELL TO LYRE

*FAREWELL to lyre; farewell to women's lips;
For I am one that keeps a tryst with death.
Swinging upon the helm with stubborn hands
I headlong steer towards the storms of fate
That blacken the horizon. Ho! I come.
My back is to the living. I return
Into the silent stone that struck the spark.*

RANALD NEWSON.
(R.A.F.)

FISH IN LENT

SALMON being 15s. a pound and most other fish being in short supply, it may be remarked that it was never, as is commonly supposed, required of the faithful to eat fish during Lent. The rule ordains abstinence from the flesh of warm-blooded animals which normally live and breathe on land. Though this naturally gives prominence to fish, it is perhaps the non-fish *maigre* of the past that most interests the naturalist. Of old not only turtles, frogs and insects, but also such things as beavers, otters, seals, wild geese and various wild ducks, water hens and gulls, were in special demand during Lent. And, as ancient recipes for "sea-hog pudding" and the like

testify, porpoises and dolphins (reputed to be pork-like in flavour) were keenly sought and highly esteemed in Lent. Only persons living near the coast could obtain fresh sea fish. For dwellers inland who wanted fish there were coarse species from the carefully-farmed fish ponds, and there was dried and salted fish, of such a character that it was often held to endanger the lives of sick persons, who were accordingly dispensed. A statesmanlike view of these matters was taken by Queen Elizabeth,

REMEMBER

WASTED PAPER MEANS SILENT GUNS!

who ordained that England should have three, instead of two, days of abstinence a week so that the fishing industry—whence were obtained the sailors needed to fight the Spaniard—might be encouraged.

GAME AND THE CROPS

A GOOD deal of misapprehension still exists as to the amount of damage game birds do to growing crops. It is true, of course, that cereals suffer most between mid-May and harvest, precisely when thousands of game birds make their first appearance. But so do numerous other creatures, all of which have a living to get. The practice of killing off all superfluous cocks in January, and penning hens in aviaries, in itself limits the number of birds that stray on to newly-sown land. It is undeniable that in certain circumstances—as, for example, where woodlands march with fields of cereals—no fencing will keep the birds from standing corn. Even so, the sins of rabbits, rats, wood pigeon and other species, which in the spring have many hungry mouths to feed, are often visited on partridges and pheasants. The former eat the corn when it is green; the latter come on a bad second when it is ripe. Scientific investigation of the crops of game birds drawn from almost every district in the British Isles has revealed—and the conclusion was supported by a letter in last week's Correspondence—that while the combined consumption of partridges and pheasants consists of "35 per cent. of injurious insects and 55 per cent. of vegetable matter, weeds, etc., less than 3 per cent. is composed of cereal food." Therefore, it can scarcely be gainsaid that on balance their virtues largely outweigh their vices from the economic point of view.

LAPWINGS' EGGS

ANOTHER perennial issue is raised by the lapwing or "plover." Very soon their first eggs will be laid, to try the conscience and the reason of countrymen. "Every egg stolen is a loaf lost" according to one opinion, and in years of peace the Home Secretary used to issue in mid-March a reminder of the pains and penalties provided for those convicted of taking lapwings' eggs. But Miss Frances Pitt and some other sound naturalists hold that most of the earlier lapwings' eggs are spoilt by frost or agricultural operations, and that it would be at least harmless, and perhaps even beneficial to the species, if the taking of eggs up to mid-April were permitted. This view is likely to attract recruits in war-time! Complications are obvious, but it seems unlikely that lapwings would suffer if the earlier clutches were taken, provided that the subsequent layings were protected. That the law should continue to stop any large scale commercial exploitation of the eggs is certainly good. With so much more land under the plough, the lapwing's work as a destroyer of pests is now more important than usual, and it may be pertinent to remark that there have, in these last three winters of war, been far too many "black plovers" offered for sale in the shops. Unfortunately, by-laws still vary from county to county, and some gunners justify their killing of lapwings with the argument that the birds live mainly on worms, which are beneficial, and that therefore the lapwings are harmful. But economic zoologists generally rank them as the best of the farmer's bird friends.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

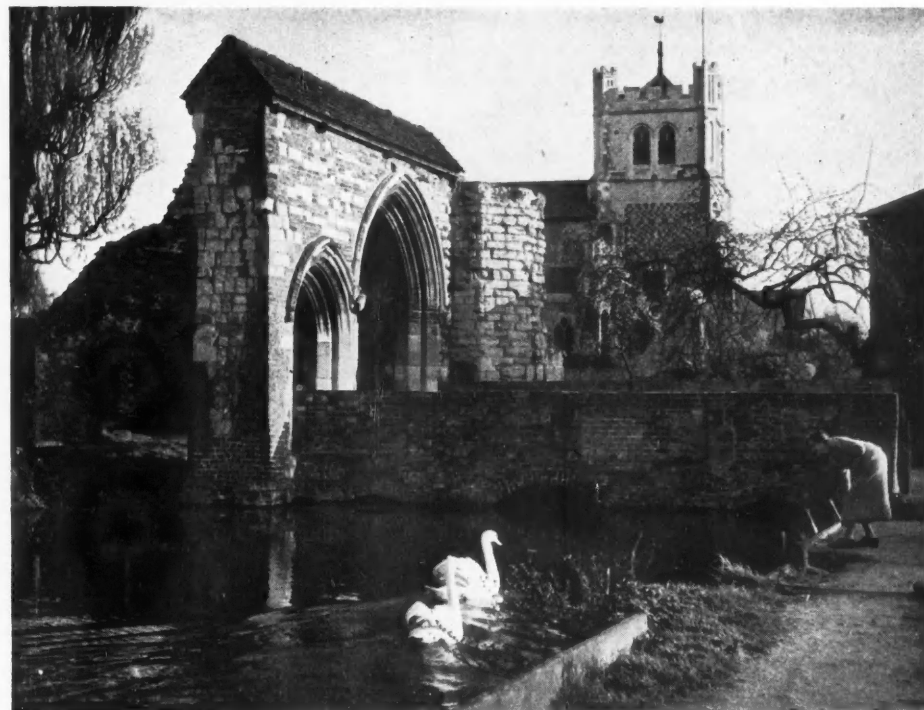
THE accounts of the New Forest increased grazing scheme, as written up with true Saturday abandon by the reporters for the Sunday newspapers recently, read as if the whole Forest was to be turned into a vast Montana ranch with cowboy small-holders galloping about on mustangs with "lariats," lariats and Stetson hats, and shooting up whisky bottles in the wine saloons. As the result many Forest lovers have become seriously alarmed at the proposed desecration. They envisage the whole of this beauty spot as a vast prairie, shorn of its trees, heather and undergrowth, and deprived of all its charm as a people's park, but their fears are quite groundless.

THE proposed grazing scheme is under the management of a committee of local men, who have the well-being and beauty of the Forest very much at heart, and who would be the last to perpetrate any acts of vandalism. The work in hand at present consists solely of reclaiming and improving some of the old "lawns" of the Forest, which have been in existence for many hundreds of years and have deteriorated recently partly owing to poverty of soil and partly through the creeping in of dwarf gorse. At the present time, owing to the great increase in dwarf gorse in all parts of the wide expanse, the beauty lover has to admire the scenery standing, for although there are many wild growths on which one can sit with comfort dwarf gorse is not one of them. Owing to this parasite growth also it is almost impossible to walk across country in any direction and, if one braves the prickles in one's ankles, one goes alone for one's dog will not follow. Anything that is calculated to check the activity of this very unpleasant and unsightly scrub can only be a step in the right direction.

IN a recent issue another correspondent expressed the hope that the strain of cattle in the Forest would be improved, and suggested Devons, Herefords and even Friesians. I do not pretend to know very much about dairy herds, but I believe the breeds he mentions require the very richest grazing, and that one of the reasons why one sees so seldom the delightful red Devon cattle outside their own county is that they will thrive only on the rich pastures of their red Devon soil.

It will be found usually that the indigenous animal in any area has been arrived at by process of trial and error over many years, and is the type best suited to the quality of the feeding and the conditions under which the beasts live. The "mongrel Channel Island" heifers may not look so patrician as a herd of Devons or Herefords, but they can manage to keep in condition and give a very respectable yield of milk on the indifferent rough grazing of the Forest; and, as appearance comes into it, they fit in with the general surroundings far more harmoniously than do, say, the un-British looking and rather official Friesians.

THE age-old quarrel between the free range grazier and the settled cultivator is a quarrel not only of all our commons, moors and forests, but of almost every country in the world, and goes back to the dawn of history. The earliest recorded case of strife between the



Douglas Went

WALTHAM ABBEY AND GATEWAY IN EARLY SPRING

two classes is possibly that told in Genesis where Cain slays his brother, Abel. Genesis relates briefly "and it came to pass when they were in the field that Cain rose up against Abel and slew him," and there would seem to be no reasonable explanation of the quarrel. At the beginning of the chapter, however, the brief but significant statement is made that Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground, and herein lies probably the root of the trouble. Cain came down to his crops one morning to find Abel's flocks in the midst of his growing corn, and if this was the first recorded killing owing to damage done by grazing animals it is certainly not the last, for similar occurrences happen almost daily on the fringe of the Middle Eastern deserts where the Beduin flockmaster endeavours to fatten his animals on the cultivated lands of the villager.

IN Greek mythology—much of it no doubt based on fact—the goatherds appear to have caused much trouble when these followers of the god Pan dallied with nymphs in the Arcadian woods when they should have been watching their animals. The untended goats wandered into the orchards and vineyards causing much damage to the trees, and one can understand that their owners were a most unpopular class among the working farmers. The highlands of Cyprus, Syria and Palestine owe much of their present deforestation to the wantonness of the free grazier; while the opposing views of the open range cattleman and the settled rancher in newer lands has led to much bloodshed in western America, Alberta and even in Australia. The great drawback to the rights of the free grazier is that they consist so often of wrongs done to his neighbours.

A FISH to which so many of us have been introduced recently, and whose acquaintance most of us have been very pleased to make for the first time, is the humble and once despised sprat.

The flavour of the sprat, as so many people have discovered, is at least equal, if not superior, to that of the finest fresh herring, and one cannot give very much higher praise than that. I recall a *gourmet* saying that the one fish a man could eat every day of his life without being nauseated is the herring, and that if he tried the feat with recognised delicacies such as sole, red mullet, salmon or lobster he would recoil from them in horror after a month of the diet. In this connection most salmon fishers will recall how heartily sick they

get of a fish before it is finished when they bring home a 20-pounder for the exclusive use of a small family.

ONE of the old objections to the sprat was that it was a betwixt and between fish—too large to be swallowed whole heron-fashion, as one does whitebait, and too small to admit of much dissection. For generations therefore it has been despised, but now that it has become generally known it would not be surprising if after the war it comes into its own and is regarded as something of a delicacy. I always regret that I did not live in the days of Sam Weller when oysters were considered so vulgar that they could be bought for a few pence a dozen.

IF one happens to be interested in marine biology a pound or so of sprats will provide a certain amount of amusement, as well as the pleasure of eating them, for included with the small fish are invariably a number of fry of various other species, and the identification of these is not always easy. It is useful occasionally to be able to identify a fish, as in normal times fisherman are apt to be a trifle haphazard in the nomenclature of their various exhibits. They have been known to sell to the uninitiated that second-rate, tasteless flatfish, the lemon sole, without any mention of its qualifying lemon, and in the same way pollack whiting is sometimes just whiting—a very different kettle of fish.

I HAVE always understood that the word "shire" was used in Anglo-Saxon days when the tribal system in Britain began to break up, and communities started to settle in the vicinity of the big towns. A tract of land was then "shorn" off the surrounding tribal area and attached to the town, and the suffix "shire" or "shear" was added. Hence Leicestershire, Staffordshire and others. Dorset, Devon and Somerset were tribal areas deriving their names from the ancient British tribes—the Dorsaetas, Dumnonia and the Sumorsaetas. Even the War Office shrank from adding "shire" to the Somerset Light Infantry, but the Bibby steamship line, which names all its ships after English counties, had no such scruples, and the M.V. Somersetshire, as well as the Dorsetshire, were well-known and most comfortable transports. If the firm continues its shipbuilding after the war at the rate it had reached before it, the men of Kent may have to put up with a Kentshire!

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED

THE STORY OF LYME REGIS

By MOIRA A. SAVONIUS

LYME REGIS, now just a quiet little town sheltering between the Dorset hills, is one of the oldest boroughs in England and was once the centre of great commercial and militant activity. From the shipbuilding yards near the old stone Cobb, men-of-war sailed to the siege of Calais and joined in the battle of the Armada, and the harbour for a time ranked sixth in importance to London itself.

The town first received royal recognition from Edward I, and from that time it began to grow and develop. But beyond anything else the old Cobb stands out as a link with former days. This breakwater, rudely constructed of wooden piles and cobble stones, was undoubtedly the foundation of the prosperity of Lyme. The original Cobb was destroyed by heavy seas in 1313, but during the reign of Edward III the town petitioned the King for permission to exact duty on goods coming into port for the purpose of raising funds to rebuild it.

Foreign wines and many other "outlandish" luxuries were imported at Lyme. A list of dutiable articles which is still displayed on a wooden notice board on the Cobb, gives a good idea of how flourishing the trade with the Continent once was. The chief export consisted of woollen goods which had to be sent abroad to be dyed, as the English weavers had not yet acquired the secret of dyeing. Lyme Regis weavers were for centuries famous for their serge cloth, but the industry died out when steam-driven looms were introduced into the northern counties.

In late November, 1824, another fierce storm almost completely destroyed the Cobb. A brass plate sunk into one of the large blocks



LYME REGIS SEEN FROM THE OLD COBB

From the shipbuilding yards near the old Cobb men-of-war joined in the battle of the Armada

of pitted stone gives the exact cost of re-building, down to the last farthing. A certain Lieut-Colonel Fanshaw of the Royal Engineers was instructed to give an estimate in 1825 and arrived at the figure of £19,193 19s. 10d., but

eighteen months later, when the work was completed, the expenditure was found to be only £17,337 0s. 9¼d. To-day the harbour shelters only a few fishing boats and private yachts, while the townspeople take their



THE COBB FROM HIGHCLIFFE. TWO EARLIER COBBs WERE RUINED BY STORMS—IN 1313 AND IN 1824

evening walk along the wide cambered wall of the Cobb.

This part of the Dorset coast has been the scene of more than one attempt to change the history of England. During the Great Rebellion in 1684 Prince Maurice of the Rhine led the royal troops in a siege against Lyme. The Royalists referred to the capture of the town as "breakfast work" and did not anticipate any resistance, but actually after eight weeks they had to give up the attempt, as the defenders never yielded an inch, although they were outnumbered by nearly ten to one.

Undoubtedly the staunch resistance was maintained because the inhabitants were solid behind their leader, Colonel Robert Blake, while Prince Maurice's followers were rather a

who afterwards was elected King of England and brought Dutch soldiers with him to his new country.

About the middle of the eighteenth century Lyme Regis was "discovered" by the fashionable crowds, and it was not long before the town began to rival Bath as a popular watering-place. The residents of Lyme, however, did not welcome this change and objected strongly to the Assembly Rooms which were built to provide a place of amusement for the wealthy visitors.

One gets a good idea of what the place looked like from a contemporary writer, Harriet Wilson, who describes Lyme in about 1800 as "all bustle and confusion, Assembly Rooms, donkey riding, raffling, etc."

It is not difficult to imagine those days when ladies discreetly dipped in the sea hidden behind voluminous curtains attached to high-wheeled bathing machines, and gentlemen strutted along the parade in gaudily embroidered waistcoats and tight-fitting trousers.

Actually, the few hundred yards of modern built-up promenade has hardly altered by comparison with etchings and prints made a century ago. There are still thatched houses facing the front, with beautiful semi-circular windows that are seldom seen nowadays. One of these houses has elaborately decorated lead drain pipes, dated 1722.

Near the Cobb end of the promenade the cottage where Jane Austen stayed in 1804 leans rather drunkenly towards the sea. The house was always known as Mrs. So-and-So's boarding-house, until an officer in the Royal Air Force rented it shortly after the last war and took up residence there, giving it the present name of Wings. The house is now slowly slipping down the cliff, like many of



WINGS, THE COTTAGE WHERE JANE AUSTEN WROTE *PERSUASION*

"Leaning rather drunkenly towards the sea," it is slowly slipping down the cliff

the older buildings in the town; when I last saw it the windows were standing awry in their frames and doors bulging outwards.

It was while she stayed in this little house that Jane Austen decided to use Lyme Regis as the setting for the most important chapters of her novel *Persuasion*. Readers of this classic novel will remember the dramatic scene on the Cobb where the heroine, Louisa Musgrove, climbs up the steep stone steps known as Granny's Teeth, to repeat the "delightful sensation" of being caught in Captain Wentworth's arms. The high-spot of the story is reached when the gallant Captain fails to catch her and she falls apparently lifeless on the stones. A crowd soon collects, to enjoy the sight of a dead young lady—"nay two dead young ladies, for it proved twice as fine as the first report."

No wonder that Lord Tennyson when he visited Lyme on a house-hunting expedition said he was far more interested in seeing the spot where Louisa Musgrove fell than that where the Duke of Monmouth landed.

Lyme has other literary associations.



MR. W. ABBOT, TOWN CRIER

He has been four years a champion crier and has broadcast several times

motley crowd of professional soldiers of different nationalities. Even the women of Lyme helped in the defence, loading muskets for their menfolk, and some years ago, in 1933, when a tennis court was being laid down, relics of the siege were discovered in the form of cannon balls and grape shot.

The Great Siege had hardly dropped out of local conversation when the name of Lyme Regis once again suddenly and dramatically became the focus of attention. At daybreak on June 11, 1685, forty-one years after the siege, three strange vessels slowly sailed in towards the Cobb. The news soon spread round the town, and crowds collected on the Cobb to watch the mysterious ships enter the harbour. They were Dutch ships, and, when the people recognised the Duke of Monmouth and his followers, their curiosity turned into enthusiasm. Within a few days he had enrolled five thousand men, among them Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

The expedition which started with the army marching through the streets strewn with flowers, ended in disaster and tragedy for Lyme. The notorious Judge Jeffreys was appointed to deal with the rebels, and twelve men from this town were sentenced to be hanged on the shore where Monmouth had landed. There is an extraordinary story of how the horses harnessed to the cart in which the prisoners were being taken to the shore refused to move. When a second team was brought, it is said, they kicked the cart to pieces and finally the condemned men had to walk the odd half mile across the angle to their death.

A few years later, another Protestant army, this time successful, landed at the Cobb. They were the troops of William of Orange,



AN ETCHING OF 1844. ON THE RIGHT IS THE ROOF OF THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NOW DEMOLISHED

Reproduced by permission of Mr. C. Wanklyn, whose researches have revealed many valuable historical facts about Lyme Regis



THATCHED HOUSES ON THE PARADE
One of them has lead drain pipes bearing the date 1722.

Henry Fielding, the scapegrace author of *Tom Jones*, frequently visited this town. There is a delightful, if scandalous, story of how when he was eighteen years old he tried to abduct a young maiden, Sarah Andrew, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. The attempt was made one Sunday morning while Sarah was on the way to church with her guardian, Andrew Tucker. But somehow it was foiled, and the local magistrates bound Fielding over to keep the peace. He managed to get in the last word, however, and wrote the following note, which can still be seen in the local museum, and posted it in a prominent position before he left the town.

NOVEMBER 15, 1725

This is to give notice to all the world that Andrew Tucker and his son John Tucker are clowns and cowards,

Witness my hand

(signed) Henry Fielding.

To the scientist, Lyme Regis will always be remembered as the home of Mary Anning, the girl geologist as she was called. Her father kept a fossil shop, and at a very early age Mary discovered in the cliffs between Lyme and Charmouth the first full-length specimen of an ichthyosaurus, which is now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. There is a stained-glass window to her memory in the parish church, which is dedicated, rather unusually, to St. Michael the Archangel. It was built about 1500 as an addition to a twelfth-century structure, which still remains. In the porch one can still see the outline of a fine Norman arch, and in the lectern is preserved a copy of a Breeches Bible and of Erasmus's paraphrase of St. Luke's Gospel, dated 1599.

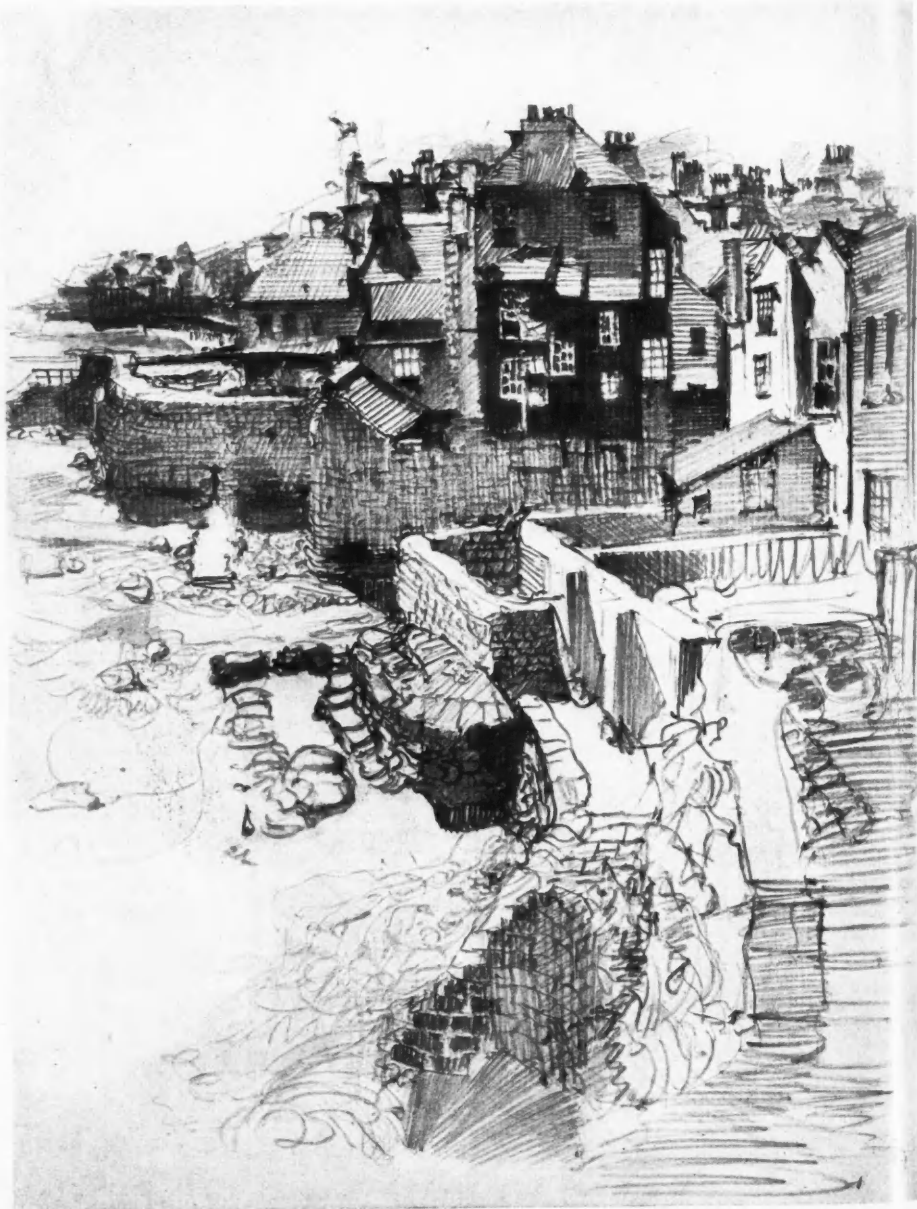
One of the finest tapestries in the country hangs on the north wall of the church. It represents the marriage of the Roses, Henry VII of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York. The figures are life-size and the faces of the bishop, the bridal pair and all the members of the Court are marvellously lifelike and full of expression. The tapestry is about 15 feet long and 6 feet high, and flood-lighting has been installed so that it can be seen to full advantage.

On May 11, 1844, a great disaster occurred in Lyme. A fire started early in the morning in a baker's shop and raged for twelve hours, destroying about fifty houses, including the old George Inn, which had always been the centre of life in the town. There is a similarity between this fire and the Great Fire of London in 1666. Both started in a baker's shop, and in Lyme, as in London, a great many dilapidated and unhygienic houses were destroyed and the town was afterwards re-built on more modern lines.

Since the fire the town has changed but little in its outward appearance, except that the Assembly Rooms were pulled down in 1928 to make space for a car park. The shops have modernised their windows and there is an up-to-date cinema; otherwise Lyme Regis has escaped the plague of sea-side amusements.

People who have travelled in Italy and then visit Lyme Regis find the place strangely familiar. Stretching the imagination, one may well see the old stone Cobb as the long-armed harbour at Naples, and through half-closed eyes, Golden Cap, the largest of the sandstone cliffs that go rolling along the coast to Portland Bill, looks very like Vesuvius, particularly when low billowing clouds drift across the summit like the plume of smoke that perpetually rises from the crater of Naples' volcano.

Here and there in the town itself are other features reminiscent of Italy. Flights of narrow stone steps running between the houses, little dark crooked alleys leading down to the shallow River Lym, which meanders secretly behind the walls of the tall old buildings, and rows of dark pines on the hill, pruned to resemble the umbrella pines of the south, give this English seaside town a touch of strangeness. But, though the town itself may show some foreign features, the surrounding countryside is England at its best; the rich red earth of Devon and the rolling green hills of Dorset that are dearer to us than any other landscape in the world.



OLD BUILDINGS ON THE FORESHORE
This drawing and that above are by Mr. Harold Falkner

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

By A. CROXTON SMITH

MANY men and women will take affronts to themselves with good humour while resenting any criticism of their dogs. *Cave canem* is their motto, with more than the direct interpretation.

A hundred years ago a certain Captain Perring of the Royal Navy and a Mr. Willis were prepared to kill or injure each other with lethal weapons because Mr. Willis struck the great captain's dog when it ran between his legs. A meeting was arranged in a field adjoining the infantry barracks, then in St. John's Wood, but at the last moment the seconds, more sensible than the principals, persuaded them to call it off, and all was well that ended well.

These gentlemen were something like the men in *Romeo and Juliet* who would pick a quarrel upon any triviality. He had quarrelled with a man "because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun." Chaucer's "it is not gode a sleping hounde to wake" may have given rise to the proverb about letting sleeping dogs lie, but that is no reason why their owners should break the peace because someone had disturbed them.

I have known people who were super-sensitive about their dogs, resenting any criticism of them and refusing to believe that they were not the best behaved in the world. They would not allow that they had any faults, and to suggest that they were not quite purebred or that something was amiss with their colour or shape might lead to an estrangement.

Friendships have been broken, as well as made, all on account of dogs. It has been said that love is blind, but Dan Cupid is no more in need of consulting an oculist than many dog-owners. "Scylla must have broken off many excellent matches in her time if she insisted upon all that loved her loving her dogs also," wrote Charles Lamb.

Lamb poked fun at the foibles of some doggy people. He pictured a man who demanded that his dog should be loved for his sake (the man's). "But he has bitten me." "Aye, that he is apt to do, till you are better acquainted with him. I have had him three years; he

never bites me." He then went on to explain that he expected his dog to be treated with all the respect due to himself. "'Tis the sweetest, prettiest, best-conditioned animal. I call him my Test, the touchstone by which to try a friend.'" His friendship was declined on these terms by the person who had been bitten.

"Dear me! I hope it won't make the little dear sick," exclaimed a woman to the tramp who complained that her Fido had nipped him in the calf.

Fondness for dogs is a characteristic of the British people, but it does not do for us to lose our sense of perspective. While dogs are the means of bringing about countless friendships, serving as the best of introductions, it is as well to remember the feelings of those who are not as much attached to them as we are. We do not want them to be a nuisance to others. They may be so spoilt as to become cross-grained, cantankerous, self-indulgent and lacking in those attributes that go to the making up of an ideal disposition.

As for me, I like a doggy dog that knows his place and is prepared to look upon me as his master, if not actually his god. On such an understanding he will be an ideal companion, anxious to do my will, to respond to my requests, and he will find happiness in my company. He will look to me for guidance, share my moods of depression, if any, and dance for joy when I play with him.

The spoilt animal, on the other hand, becomes a tyrant, expecting every whim to be humourous, and will not be above snapping at the hand that feeds him if his desires are thwarted. About as bad as spoiling is to alternate between scolding and caressing. John Galsworthy, who was a shrewd observer of dogs, wrote of a Pekingese: "Yes, Carmen



looks as is she didn't know what was coming next; she's right—it's a pet-and-slap-again life."

We do not want any of this petting-and-slapping-again business. Always be just to your dogs, do not metaphorically kick them because you wish to kick someone who might not take your disapproval so meekly.

Taken in the right way, dogs can be a great happiness to us, especially in these times when we long for something that will take us out of ourselves for a few minutes, and be an excuse for exercise not marred by thoughts of the war.

Mary Mitford, who wrote *Our Village*, was the right sort of dog-lover. From the picture of her in Mrs. Meynell's *English Spinster* we infer that this clever, commonsensical little woman knew just the right attitude to assume towards her pets.

The spaniel Flush, who has been immortalised by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was given to her by Miss Mitford. In a footnote to the poem she wrote: "This dog was the gift of my dear and admired friend Miss M., and belongs to the beautiful race she has rendered celebrated among English and American readers." The possession of this dog beguiled the tedium of a sick-chamber and was as balm to a sore spirit.

If your dog is obedient and well-behaved, has decent manners and interesting ways, he will be loved by your friends. Whether they have a similar regard for you or not is another matter.

THE VANISHING SHEPHERD

THERE must be a good many people yet in the Hebrides who have second sight, but most islanders are shy of speaking about it or relating personal experiences. I have been told of visions of forthcoming funerals, and the seer was able to identify the dead person by the composition of the funeral attendants or some detail in the procession. But it has always been after the event that I have been informed, never before the actual death. On the other hand, I have been told on two occasions of lights having been seen in houses which have lain empty for some time.

What I am about to relate can hardly be called second sight. The first occasion was some years ago on Pabbay, an island of the Outer Hebrides. My companion was a professor at one of the Scottish Universities, and we crossed over by motor-boat early one morning in June. It was a thoroughly nasty day with drizzle and quite a thick mist. Except for two shepherds and their families the island was uninhabited. They lived in two cottages close to where we landed. After passing the time of day with the shepherds, we proceeded to explore the island, noticing the remains of an old illicit still which, by the way, is the reason for the island's being uninhabited. So much illicit distillation was going on in the island that it was found necessary to evacuate the population.

Pabbay rises gradually from the shore to the large hill and at the base of this hill lies a long narrow loch. Somehow this loch intrigued me, and I loitered by its shore while my friend continued to climb the hill. The first thing noticeable about this tarn—it can

hardly be called a loch—is its extreme shallowness and on this account I was enabled to see that the bottom was literally crammed with cast horns of red deer.

It was while I was engaged in fishing some of these horns out of the water that I heard a voice, but it was not my companion's; indeed, it came from in front of me, while my friend was behind me climbing the hill. Again I heard the voice, and almost directly in front of me on the opposite side of the lochan stood a very tall man leaning on a crook. The visibility was so bad that I could see little else but that he wore a bonnet and plaid. I shouted something and he replied, but I could not make out what he said or whether he spoke in Gaelic or English.

Finally I made up my mind to go to the other side of the little loch. While going round the shore I had the man in view all the time, but when I was within about twenty yards and on the point of speaking to him, he suddenly vanished. Nothing but some stones were to be seen where he had been standing.

I rejoined my friend but said nothing at the time of what had occurred. On our way back to the boat I saw the two shepherds and enquired casually whether anyone had been near the loch or up the hill during our absence, but the answer was in the negative. None of them had been out of the house. The next morning I asked the professor if he had noticed anything unusual.

"Yes," he said, "I saw and heard all you saw and heard."

Since then I have made many enquiries but with little result. But many years ago a shepherd was murdered on Pabbay.

My next experience nearly comes within the bounds of second sight save for the time. I live on a tidal island which is separated from the main island by a ford, open generally six hours out of the twelve. This ford is about two miles long and one evening I crossed to visit a friend some three miles distant.

Leaving his house about 10.30 p.m. I reached the ford in due course and after walking perhaps a quarter of a mile I heard something coming behind me. Shortly two people on bicycles passed me about fifty yards to my right. I could not see them to recognise, but I wished them good-night. Neither of them replied, which at the time I thought rather strange. When I was about half-way across the ford I noticed a tall figure walking ahead of me. Walking faster in order to overtake the figure, I seemed to make no headway. I then ran for a while but with the like result. All I could see was that it was a tall woman; I thought it was the wife of one of the farm servants.

On reaching home I told my housekeeper, as it was unusual for strangers to cross the ford so late at night, and as for the woman, whom I took to be a Mrs. M., she had been ill for some time, and it was queer for her to be out at that time.

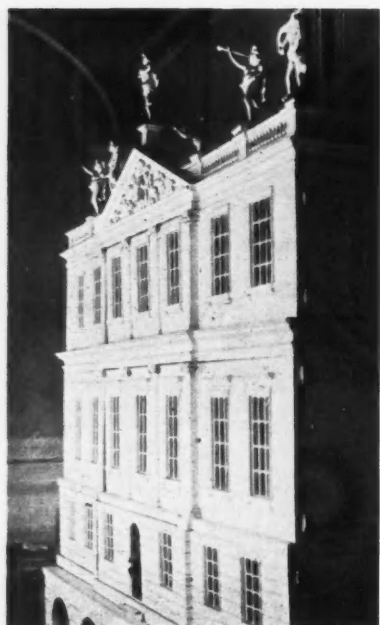
Well, it turned out that no one had come on bicycles and I had quite forgotten that Mrs. M. had left the previous day by mail boat to be admitted to the infirmary in Glasgow. Next morning news came of the death of Mrs. M. She died on the train on her journey south, and the news was brought by two men riding bicycles. She must have died several hours before I saw her.

G. B.

THROUGH THE FOURTH WALL

SCENES IN A GEORGIAN DOLLS' HOUSE AT UPPARK

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



1.—THE IMPOSING PALLADIAN FACADE



2.—WITH THE FETHERSTONHAUGH ARMS IN THE PEDIMENT



3.—OPENS IN SECTIONS TO REVEAL EACH OF THE NINE ROOMS

AMONG the treasures of that exquisite William and Mary house on the top of the Sussex Downs near Petersfield, which was described in *COUNTRY LIFE*, June 14-28, last year, is the oldest and the most marvellously complete English dolls' house. It was made in about 1730 for Sarah, only daughter of Christopher Lethieullier, of Belmont, Middlesex, who, in 1747, married Sir Matthew Fetherstonhaugh. He had bought Uppark in the previous year, and the young couple immediately set about redecorating and furnishing their home, ordering the best new things, buying pictures and other works of art on their honeymoon in Italy, and evidently bringing a good deal from the Lethieulliers' home.

Sarah must have been very fond of her dolls' house, for she brought that with her too. At first it may have been put in the room intended for a nursery. But it now stands, and has stood for at least a hundred years, in the first-floor corridor near the head of the staircase. A disadvantage of this is that one therefore cannot get far enough away from it to photograph its Palladian front in elevation; also, when examining the rooms, one has to stand between them and the only source of not very much light, the window of the staircase round the corner of the passage. However, Mr. C. J. P. Cave has managed to overcome these difficulties quite successfully in his photographs.

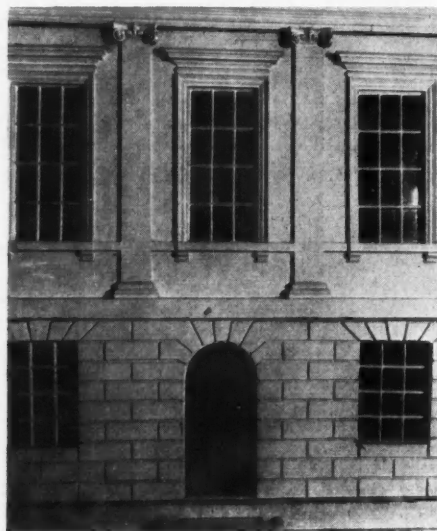
One reason why everything in the dolls'

house is so perfectly preserved is that Sarah never had a daughter; only a son, Harry; and he did not marry till he was past 60. His widow, who had previously been the dairymaid at

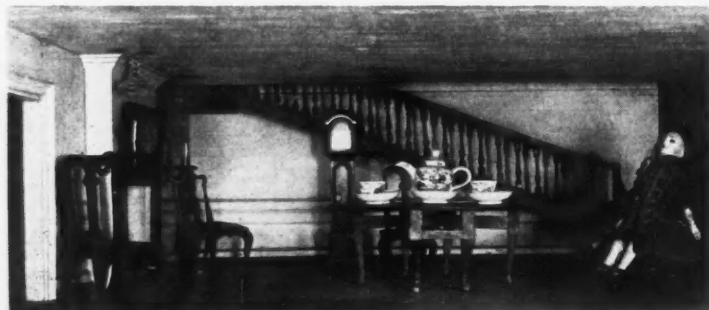
Uppark, and her younger sister, Frances Bullock-Fetherstonhaugh, who succeeded to the place and lived till 1895, religiously kept everything about the house exactly (as Miss Frances used to say) "as Sir 'Arry 'ad it." When, by Miss Frances's will, Uppark eventually went to Admiral Sir Herbert Meade Fetherstonhaugh, his daughters were the first little girls to play with the dolls' house—apart, perhaps, from chance visitors—for 200 years. And as it stood in the passage, beside cupboards full of precious old china, they were very careful of it, when they were allowed to play with it as a special treat.

Thus the dolls' house is a miniature of Uppark itself, in the sense that, scarcely touched for 200 years, it was found in a house where time had stood still for a century. Uppark is almost exactly as Sir Harry, Sarah's son, made it when he came of age in 1775, and his mother's dolls' house preserves for us many of the domestic details, as well as the arrangement of furniture, to be found in a house of about 1730.

It is not known for certain when the first dolls' houses were made, but fine examples exist in Holland dating from the close of the seventeenth century. In the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam are several miniatures of the old houses in that city, among them one in an inlaid tortoiseshell case made by order of Peter the Great at a cost of 20,000 guilders. Such an expensive and beautifully equipped toy was



4.—THE FRONT DOOR



5.—IN THE ENTRY HALL THE PORTER IS HAVING A NAP, WITH A POT OF TEA BESIDE HIM



6.—BETSY IN THE KITCHEN IS ENTERTAINING FRIEND TO A CUP OF COFFEE

probably too valuable to be intended as a plaything for children and was most likely destined for the amusement of adults, and, in the case of Czar Peter's Court, their instruction in Western ways of life, much as English furniture makers, so late as the early nineteenth century, provided their commercial travellers with miniature patterns of the chests of drawers that they had for sale. In the Victoria and Albert Museum is what appears to be one room of a Queen Anne dolls' house, in which the surviving inmates with their possessions have been brought together.

The house itself has an accurately designed Georgian facade, of three storeys, seven bays wide, resting on a stand modelled on the arcade of Covent Garden piazza. The centre has two orders of Ionic and Corinthian pilasters supporting a pediment enriched with floral sculpture and a shield painted with the Fetherstonhaugh arms. Five gilt statues adorn the balustraded parapet. The front opens in nine sections, each revealing one room.

Inside the front door is the entrance hall (Fig. 5), with the porter taking a nap in his chair. He is not, however, provided with the carved and padded porter's chair still found in a few old houses, which was perhaps a later addition to his comfort. But he has a large pot of tea on the oak gate-legged table. A grandfather clock stands at the foot of the staircase.

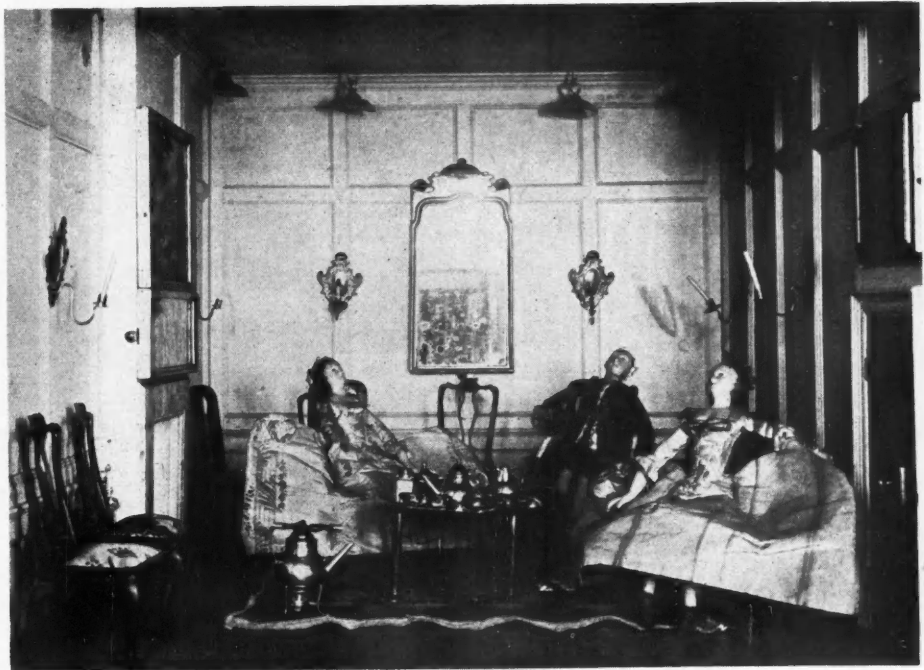
Next door is the kitchen (Fig. 6), where Metsy, the cook, is apparently entertaining a friend (a watchman?) to a cup of coffee. The dresser is loaded with pewter; there are spits on the rack over the fire; brass candlesticks, pestle and mortar, pots, pans and even a mousetrap.

As we go upstairs, the quality of furniture and decoration goes up too. Taking an unpardonable liberty, we discover that the ladies are wearing three petticoats. Dinner is to be served. Jeames, the footman, gives a last look to the table (Fig. 8) before announcing the meal. All is set, knives and forks laid, silver mugs (tankards for the men), decanters and glasses on the marble-topped side table, candles on the table and in the silver sconce brackets and brass chandelier. Throughout the house, glass shades are hung from the ceiling above the candles. But they are not yet lit, as the curtains have not been drawn this summer evening, and we can see the Old Masters on the wall—landscapes and pedigree cattle, also the ornaments, including a little white Chinese figure, in the painted niche. The gate-legged mahogany table gleams and the fiddle-backed, cabriole-legged chairs are ready to draw up. For wine coolers a miniature silver cake-basket and potato-ring have been introduced from a future age, and the tiny porringer on the floor should perhaps have been placed in the privacy of the closet adjoining for the gentlemen.

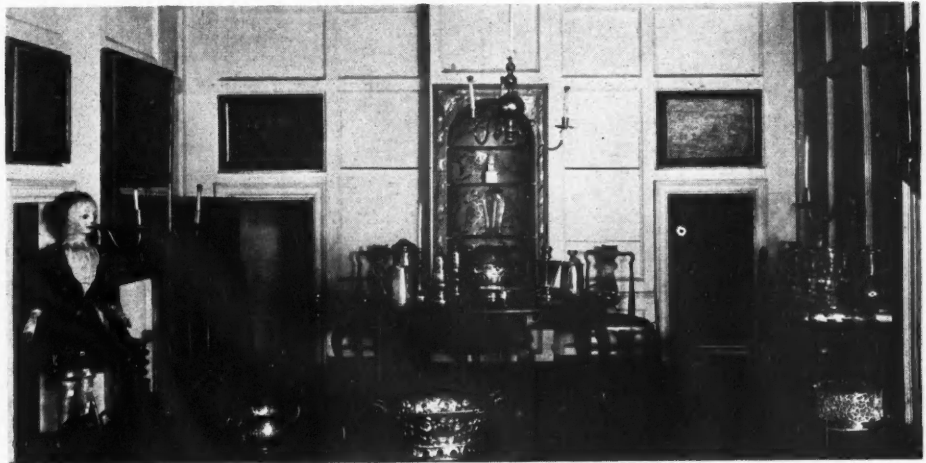
In the parlour the company consists of two ladies and a gentleman. Tea has not been cleared away yet—the silver service still on the low table in front of the fire, the kettle on its lamp-stand on the floor. A handsome mirror in a gilt gesso frame faces the windows on the white wainscot wall. The party, their heads flung back, seem to be hugely enjoying a joke. These Georgians have a hearty sense of humour. Can it have anything to do with the lady upstairs? Poor thing, she is confined to bed, and we can see why: at the foot of the gorgeously canopied bed is a wicker cradle, within it an obviously very young doll, while evidently it is the nanny who is taking forty winks in the chair. From the appointments of the room—the beautifully quilted counterpane, the blue and gold damask bed curtains, the white painted chair and the muslin valance to the dressing-table, against which leans a brass warming pan, the horizontal mirror over the fireplace with a painting above it—all go to show that this is the mistress's room, and it is presumably she who is responsible for the happy event represented by the cradle.

But why is the party downstairs so transfixed with mirth? Alas, we shall never know! For none of the company can make a move, which might give us a clue, till the fourth wall is closed again. But, then, peer as we may through the windows, we cannot see or hear.

Perhaps Sarah Lethieullier knew—but that is 200 years ago.



7.—COMPANY IN THE PARLOUR HAVE JUST HAD TEA



8.—JEAMES GIVES A LAST GLANCE TO THE TABLE LAID FOR DINNER



9.—UPSTAIRS—MOTHER AND CHILD ARE BOTH DOING WELL

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

THE WOOL TRADE IN MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND

THE Lord Chancellor still sits on the Woolsack in the House of Lords, a symbol that wool, to mediæval England, was as important as coal in modern times; "the jewel of this realm," a basic raw material for which the demand was world-wide and of which this island produced a large proportion of the best quality. As we go about England to-day we are always coming across traces of what was the greatest national industry: lovely stone houses in the Cotswolds, built by wool merchants, great churches and timbered houses in East Anglia commemorating rich clothiers. In Stamford, in Lincolnshire, the almshouses are still called calisses, after the merchants of the Staple of Calais who founded them. Many of the great abbeys themselves—Fountains, Tintern, Abbey Dore, Thornton, Dunstable—turn out to have been planted where they were as much for the potential wealth of the surrounding sheep-walks as for their remoteness from the company of men.

But most of us would be hard put to say how these vestiges of a pastoral England link up. Indeed, what exactly was the "Staple," and why was it at Calais? For anybody interested in farming or topography, the late Eileen Power's Ford Lectures on *The Wool Trade in Mediæval England* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.) makes enthralling reading. They represent, we are told, only the cream of that admirable and lamented historian's researches



1.—A WOOLMEN'S CHURCH ON THE COTSWOLDS: NORTHLEACH
Built by Messrs. Fortey, Midwinter, Busshe and Taylour, wool merchants of Northleach

which it is hoped to publish after the war in the book, edited by her colleague, Professor M. Postan, on which she was working when she died in 1940. Even so they illuminate a hitherto obscure but obviously widely interesting subject, bringing popular knowledge and historic characters into focus with traditional farming practice and with economic and national history. They also reveal the extent to which many famous buildings of the Middle Ages are related to one another and to the development of the national industry: abbeys and churches, market centres such as Winchester and Shrewsbury, Ludlow and Lincoln, Leominster, Northleach and Lavenham, country houses like Penshurst and Stokesay Castle, and, I suspect, some of

the magnificent "tithe" barns of the West Country.

At the beginning, England must be visualised as an undeveloped country, like Australia in the nineteenth century, attracting traders from more advanced peoples—in those days Flanders and Italy. Sheep-farming was already an important industry before the Norman Conquest. We should know more about it if *Domesday Book* had included the livestock statistics collected by the Commissioners (to the indignation of the Saxon farmer). From the original returns that have survived, we know that eight shires carried 292,000 demesne sheep at that date and Ely Abbey alone had 13,400 on its estates in six counties.

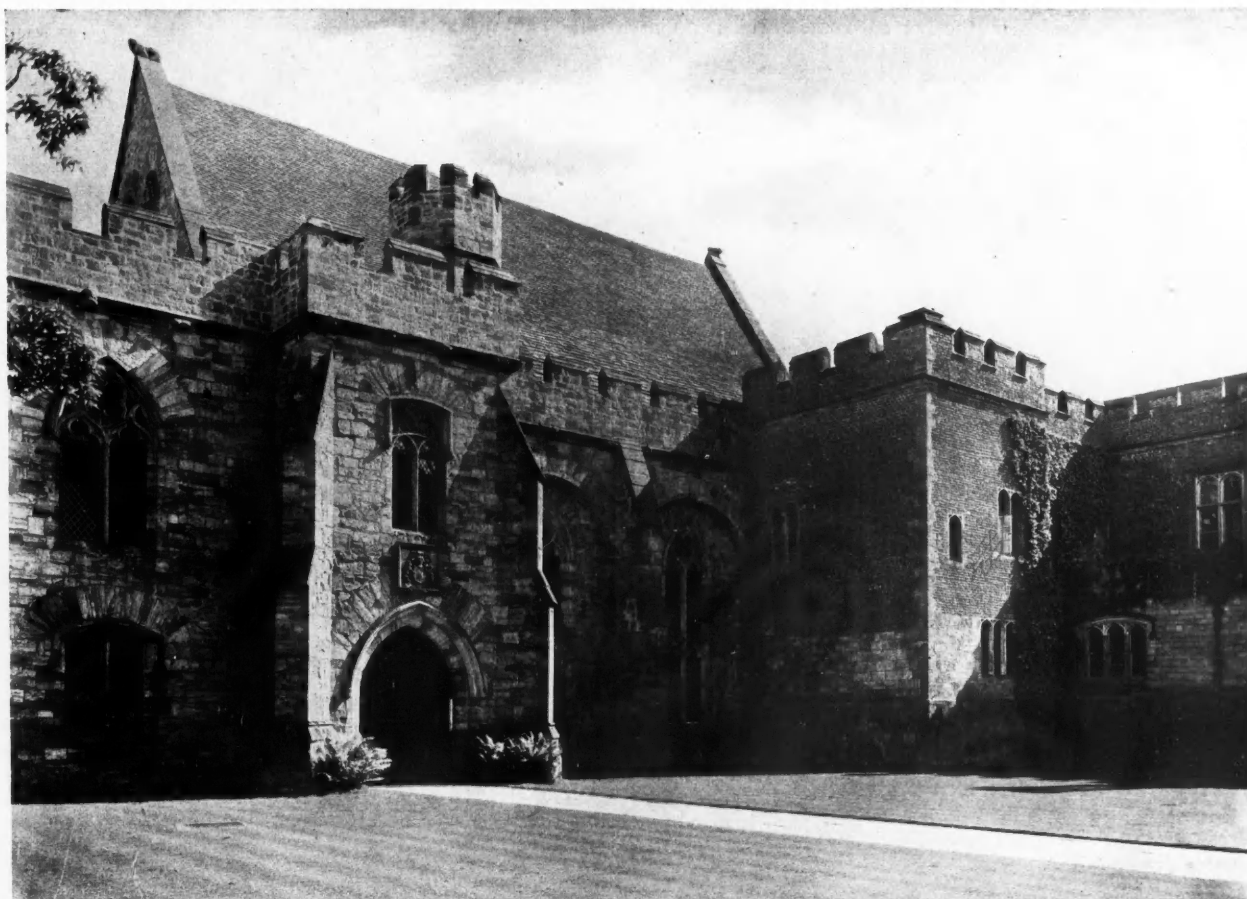


2.—STOKESAY CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE
Built by the financier Laurence of Ludlow, who handled Edward I's wool deals



3.—THORNTON ABBEY, LINCOLNSHIRE

The gateway of the Abbey on the Wolds, founded by a sheep rancher and paid for by wool



4.—PENSURST PLACE, KENT

The well-known Great Hall was built about 1340 by the "millionaire" Sir John Pulteney, four times Lord Mayor of London, and one of the early capitalists who gambled in financing Edward III's war exchequer by buying the wool monopoly

In the century that followed, sheep-farming grew with great rapidity. England was in the ranching stage—the more thinly settled lands, hitherto predominantly waste, became huge sheep-walks, their manorial divisions often run together as parts of the ranches of great lords or abbeys. Ewes might be kept on one manor, wethers on another, hoggets on a third, with big central sheep-shearings, where even the lord or abbot himself might come to meet the merchants who made it their business to attend them. In 1165 William le Gros, Count of Aumale and founder of Meaux, Vaudey, and Thornton Abbeys in Lincolnshire, is found contracting for the sale of his own Yorkshire wool in bulk to a big financier named William Cade. One of the biggest producers was the Duchy of Lancaster, with ranches centred on Pontefract and Pickering, and in the Peak, South Lincolnshire, and the South Downs districts. It is significant that this was the age when the Cistercian and other later Orders founded their great monasteries in remote places. In 1193–94 Richard I's ransom was paid out of wool, the whole crop of the Cistercian and Præmonstratensians being taken for that purpose. The heyday of the great ranches, the demesnes, was the thirteenth century: the Bishop of Winchester had 29,000 sheep in 1259, the priory of St. Swithun's 20,000, Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, 13,400, the Fenland abbeys of Peterborough and Crowland 16,300 between them. Wool was the foundation on which rested the glorious Early English architecture of the cathedrals and abbeys.

This flourishing first phase of the wool trade, it appears, came to an end round 1540. For two generations there was a phase of crisis—war taxation, meteoric capitalists, pestilence, and revolution—during which production remained nevertheless stable. Then in the fifteenth century a gradual decline in production, but immense strides in the home manufacture of cloth. In 1310 exports of wool were 35,509 sacks, imports of cloth equivalent to 3,302; in 1447 raw wool exports had fallen to 7,654 sacks, but a negligible quantity of cloth was imported

and the equivalent of 13,425 sacks was exported as cloth.

The crisis of 1340 was precipitated by Edward III's aggressions in France and protracted by the strain of taxation needed to pay for Crécy and Poitiers and by the eventual monopoly of the wool trade by the English Company of the Staple. Hitherto export had been predominantly in the hands of foreigners: till about 1270 by the Hanse confederation of Flemish weaving towns, Bruges, Douai, Ypres, and Ghent. Thereafter it was financed by the Italian bankers—the Riccardi of Lucca, Frescobaldi, Bardi, and Peruzzi of Florence. The Italians' hand had been strengthened by their acting as collectors of Papal taxes from the monastic houses, which paid them in wool. They soon held so much of the country's liquid wealth, through credits to producers, that their co-operation became necessary to all early credit transactions of the Crown. Loans led to privileges in customs till, at the beginning of Edward II's reign, these great Italian houses were acting as the royal bankers. But in 1343 Parliament rebelled against their domination; the huge loans required for the war brought them to the verge of ruin; and in 1345 the bankruptcy of the Bardi and Peruzzi shook Florence. The way was open for the rise of the first English capitalists, men prepared to gamble in financing the Exchequer by buying the virtual monopoly of the export of wool.

The first and most famous of these financiers was the Hull merchant, William de la Pole, who, with various syndicates, from 1337 to about 1350, handled the wool paid to the Crown in taxes, selling it abroad and advancing credits. Among his colleagues were Reginald de la Conduit, John de Wesenham, and Thomas de Melchbourne, the two latter Lynn victuallers, and the London merchants, Thomas de Swanland, Walter de Cheriton, and Sir John Pulteney, four times Lord Mayor of London. De la Pole failed at one period, being impeached and imprisoned, but founded the noble house of Suffolk, that built Framlingham Castle and Ewelme. William de la Pole, as first Lord Mayor of the newly founded town of Kingston-upon-Hull, must have been closely concerned with its brick-built walls and the re-introduction of that material to this country from the Low Countries. This innovation may reasonably be claimed as an outcome of the wool trade with Flanders, if not as directly due to de la Pole himself, though the use of brick by his grandson at Ewelme and Eton College suggests a family interest in brick building. Another early use of brick on a large scale is in the magnificent gatehouse of Thornton Abbey, opposite Hull, on the Lincolnshire side of the Humber, built in 1382. (Fig. 3). The Augustinian Abbots of Thornton almost certainly



5—IN CHIPPING CAMPDEN

One of the chief centres of wool production, with a magnificent church built by wool merchants

derived much of their wealth from the sheep-walks of the Wolds.

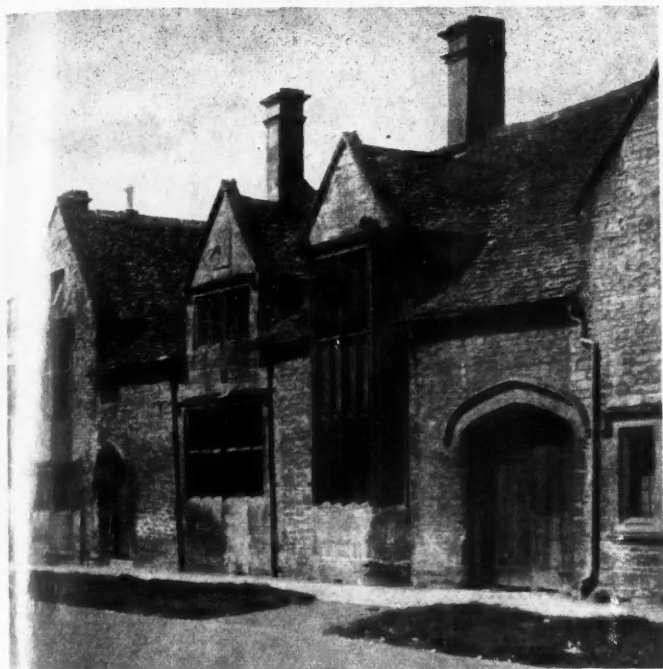
The appearance of Sir John Pulteney among Edward III's wool magnates is interesting, for he was the builder of one of the most famous mediæval houses, Penshurst, in 1341. (Fig. 4). Another romantic castle which, like Penshurst, is popularly assumed to have been built by some warlike baron instead of by a business man, is Stokesay, Shropshire (Fig. 2). An earlier manor house existed, and survives, there which was bought and enlarged in 1274 by Laurence of Ludlow *mercator notissimus*. Laurence, member of a big Shrewsbury firm of wool merchants, handled the earliest large-scale wool deals contrived by Edward I in 1294–97. The chronicle of Dunstable Priory—a big wool-growing monastery—recorded with satisfaction of him that "because he sinned against the woolmongers (by inducing the merchants of England to grant the king 40/- for each sack); he was drowned in a ship laden with wool." We get an idea of the awe, in which such men were regarded, from the same chronicler's reference to Laurence's successor as "boss" of the wool market, Thomas Duraunt of Dunstable. When he gave a big dinner party to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, "our prior was present, against all the rules of the house. But he must be excused, for we are in debt to the said Thomas for a great sum; therefore we must not offend him."

The Staple system grew out of the large transactions of such men as Ludlow and de la Pole. It was established originally as an *entrepôt* for receiving and selling the proceeds of loans and taxes paid in kind, predominantly wool. As the sales were to be abroad, it paid the king to establish this *entrepôt* somewhere easily accessible for foreign buyers and from which he could finance his armies and allies on the Continent. Since it brought trade and revenue to the State in which it was held, it also gave a useful diplomatic lever. At first the Staple was only occasionally set up overseas. But before long the Crown hit on an additional source of revenue which encouraged its remaining abroad: this was to grant a monopoly in the export of wool to a company of merchants, at the same time taxing the monopoly profits by means of a heavy export duty and raising loans from merchants on the security of the duty. English merchants



6—WOOLMEN'S BRASSES

(Left) John Fortey of Northleach (1458) (Right) William Browne of Stamford (1460).



7—A WOOLMAN'S HOUSE IN CHIPPING CAMPDEN

Built by Grevil, founder of the family of Grevilles, Earls of Warwick

were agreeable to forming such a cartel to squeeze the foreign buyer, and to a Staple abroad to which foreign exporters would be compelled to bring their wool from England instead of exporting direct to Flanders and Italy.

The chief opponents of a foreign Staple were the increasing numbers of home manufacturers and merchants with a predominantly home trade. Originally eight Staple towns had been designated in England: London, Newcastle, York, Lincoln, Norwich, Shrewsbury, Bristol, and Exeter. Their burgesses ultimately succeeded in restoring the home Staples and in reaching a compromise, in the fifteenth century, by which the Company farmed the whole of the Crown's interests in the wool crop and in return paid the wages of the garrison of Calais. Hence the name, and widespread ramifications, of the Company of the Staple of Calais—remembered to-day in the Stamford almshouses.

These merchants of the Staple were much smaller men than the Pulteneys and de la Poles. Whereas the latter were advancing sums up to £80,000 (something near a million in modern currency), the Staple's entire outstanding debt from the Crown in 1473 stood at only £28,000, which was distributed among its members, numbering on an average thirty. They were men like the Brownes of Stamford, William Gibbys and William Grevil of Chipping Campden, John Tame, who rebuilt Fairford Church and ordered the famous glass windows from Flanders, the Paycockes and Springs of Suffolk, and the Forteyes, Midwinters, Busshes, and Taylours of Northleach, who rebuilt the magnificent church there and are commemorated in it by brasses showing them with woolpacks under their feet. Some, like Grevil and Spencer, founded great families that still endure; others built themselves handsome houses, but altogether more modest than Penshurst or Stokesay. Two of the best preserved of these are the Paycockes' house in Coggeshall, Essex (Fig 8), built by one of a family of clothiers about 1480, and Grevil's house in Chipping Campden (Fig. 7). Some of these men were manufacturers, some exporting Staplers, some simply middlemen; if any, were sheep farmers. Edward's

war taxation, prices controlled by the Staple, and the scourge of the Black Death had undermined demesne farming: "The typical sheep-farmers of the fifteenth century were the peasantry, with a sprinkling of new men from the towns, and also, no doubt, the small squireens—one-manor men—who sat tight." Dr. Power quotes the Duchy of Lancaster estates as typical of what was happening almost everywhere; by 1400 they had passed into the hands of tenant farmers. At Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, a conscientious clerk contrasted the situation in 1439 and 1368. The peasant farmers had leased the whole of the demesne lands, with the flocks they carried, to divide among themselves, a process that was still going on in the south in the fourteen-forties. It was the day of the small man, who sold his wool, not to foreign bankers or to agents of "millionaires," but to middle-class merchants of the Staple. These "woolmen" of the fifteenth century have left an indelible mark on the countryside, deeper than the meteoric fortunes made and lost by the capitalists of the early days of the Hundred Years War; but even so their vestiges are not so stately as the ruined abbeys built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, largely, we now can see, with the income from wool. May it not be that those magnificent stone barns, generally called tithe barns, and in many cases built by the abbots of great monasteries, were really raised for the storage of wool? Abbotsbury among the Dorset downs, Glastonbury, whose twelfth-century abbots were great farmers, Tisbury, where the nuns of Shaftesbury had flocks? It was in such regions—Salisbury Plain, the Downs, the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire Wolds, and the Welsh Marches—just as much as on the Cotswolds, that the wool was grown on which the fortunes of Mediaeval England were founded.

CURIUS CROWE.



8—AN EAST ANGLIAN CLOTHIER'S HOUSE
Paycockes', Coggeshall, Essex; built about 1480

A CURLEW COUPLE

Written and Illustrated by FRANCES PITT

IT was in May, 1940, that I began my intimate acquaintance with the curlew couple. From April I had heard their long-drawn silvery but melancholy whistles rising eerily from the Birches, a wide open meadow without so much as one birch tree in or around it. Field names persist down the generations. My people have a parchment map, beautifully executed, of the country about, dated 1639, and every meadow, coppice and so on, is named, the titles being those yet in daily use. No doubt the Birches was the Birches in the days when Charles I was a romantic but ineffectual king. Perhaps it then possessed some birches and no doubt the curlews cried sadly and beautifully while the Royalists strove on behalf of their king, and the Roundheads fought their way into the old country town, whose church spires and remnant of a ruined castle can be seen from the Birches lying in a halo of blue mist away down the valley.

I had photographed curlews before but every pair of birds is a fresh study, and I felt this couple would be an interesting one, so I sought their nest and found it complete with a clutch of four eggs on May 7. I never see a curlew's egg without marvelling at its large size, considering the stature of the bird that lays it, and these four looked huge.

Just before the discovery of the nest there had been several nights of sharp frost, followed by heavy thunder-storms, and this possibly was to blame for what I discovered later, that the eggs were addled; but I must first tell how a hide was put up at a discreet distance and brought nearer by degrees and how the bird was educated so carefully that by the time I was ready to make use of it she was completely indifferent to it. By "she," I mean the smaller and more shabby of the two curlews.

In my previous experience the bigger and handsomer bird, presumed to be the male, had assisted with incubation, through apparently under protest. His lady had difficulty in making him take his turn. She had to call and call before he came. His dilatoriness worked her up into such a state of exasperation that when he did appear she rose from the nest, started to run away, then paused, plucked bits of grass and threw them over her back towards him. Then off she went and left him to take his spell of duty.

I must here anticipate matters by saying that my 1940 female used this gesture occasion-

ally, and a bird watched in 1941, which I believed to be the same individual, used it frequently when excited over the hatching of her chicks. I have also seen a tame Grey Lag goose, after covering up her eggs and leaving the nest, stand a couple of yards away, pick grass and throw the bits over her shoulder so that they fell on her back. It is doubtful if such behaviour is purposeful; it looks more like a nervous gesture that serves as an outlet for the emotions.

When a world war rages there is little time to spare for such things as bird photography. Hence incubation was, or rather ought to have been, well advanced before I found an opportunity to take my camera to the curlews' nest. The curlew proved to be remarkably confiding. She had no fear of the hiding tent nor of any sound from within it. I talked to her and told her she was an old dear. I also told her she was a damned old fool, but it made no difference; she never blinked so much as an eyelid and turned her back on camera and tent to survey the scene around.

It is true that she reacted instantly to the sight of a man walking across a field half a mile distant. With a plaintive cry she was up and off, flying away to join her mate who was feeding in the valley, but so soon as the man disappeared she was back again, hurrying to her eggs regardless of the click of my camera shutter.

Through frosty nights and days of wild spring storms when it thundered and rain deluged down, that bird sat devotedly unaided by the cock, but she had to leave the clutch now and again. Was it during one of these absences, when the eggs should have been covered by her mate, that they got chilled? I do not know. I can only say that I began not to "smell a rat" but to "smell an egg."

The curlew continued to sit until May 24, but on the 25th she did not return to her job. The eggs were duds. Examination showed that



ARRANGEMENT OF THE FOUR LARGE EGGS

"I marvel at the size of the curlew's egg, considering the stature of the bird that lays it"

all four were fertile but development of the chicks had ceased after a few days, the cessation apparently coinciding with the bad weather of the last week of April.

The curlew pair remained about and I believe nested again, but I was unable to investigate their second attempt and my story now leaps forward to the spring of 1941, when a curlew couple again appeared on the Birches and the adjoining meadows. The nest was located in April, but I did not attempt an interview until the end of May. On May 29 I arrived at the nest on a dull, dark morning, after a very wet night, to find that three of the four eggs were chipping.

My companion saw me into my hiding-tent and walked off. No sooner had he gone than a big reddish curlew appeared, followed by a smaller greyer bird. The two strolled around and picked up things off the turf. Then the smaller curlew strode up to the nest, sat down with her back to me and shuffled the eggs comfortably beneath her in complete indifference to the hide.

"How she will react to the noise of the camera shutter," I wrote in my note book, "remains to be seen. 1.30 p.m. She doesn't care a hang about it! She sits with her back to the tent utterly indifferent to all noises. If she isn't last year's bird I can only say that she looks like her and behaves like her, and she acts as if she remembers the hide. 1.45. The male whistles behind me. 2.0. Madame sleeps—sleeps on to 3.15, when I have to leave."



THE HEN BROODING AND (right) CHICKS AND A PARTLY-CHIPPED EGG IN THE NEST

I returned to the hide in the evening and stayed for a couple of hours, during which the hen brooded her eggs and the cock strolled about.

The next morning I was in the hide in good time. The three chipped eggs had advanced considerably, and the young ones were calling quite loudly from within. My log reads: "9.45. Both curlews at hand, female in a great fuss and throwing bits of grass over her shoulder. 9.50. She strides up to the nest, sits down and calls 'cur-lew' when her mandibles part perceptibly. She sits lightly and fidgets, evidently aware of the coming life beneath her. Suddenly, without any reason that I can discern, she flies off a few yards, but rushes back and settles down again with an air of determination. The cock keeps calling from just behind my hide. 11.0. The hen flies off the nest, joins the male and feeds with him for ten minutes. I watch a chick struggling to escape from the shell. She comes home and picks bits of eggshells and drops them on her back. 11.30. Cock on guard about 50 yards off. 12.5. A strange curlew flies over and alights at the edge of the meadow. The sitting bird crouches flat on nest; her mate goes after the invader making a bubbling noise as he does so, and drives him away."

All that afternoon I kept watch upon the curlews, every moment expecting some momentous happening. Surely the male bird would come and change places with his lady; surely she would soon begin to remove eggshells; and surely there would soon be a chick or two on view. But no; she dozed and brooded and sometimes walked off to stretch her long legs. I could then see that the chicks were not yet out of the shell, though one egg was much split and the youngster's beak was poking out.

I left for the night, anxious lest the family would be hatched and away before I could return in the morning. I got away, I must add, by crawling out from beneath the back of the hide and proceeding twenty yards on my hands and knees. It was only when I stood up that the curlew jumped into the air and flew off uttering her alarm note.

To return to my log, the next entry runs as follows: "Sunday, June 1, 9.0 a.m. double summer time (7.0 a.m. G.M.T.). Sun shining from a pale blue sky that promises a hot day presently, and the grass silvered with heavy dew. In the nest are three speckled grey chicks—two dry and fluffy, one half wet—and an egg only partly chipped. Home hurries the mother, too excited and anxious to heed me pushing a cinema camera and a still camera into their positions. The hide rocks, lenses appear and disappear at its peepholes, but the devoted curlew never looks at them. The bang of a focal-plane shutter and the purring of the cinema camera's mechanism are no more to her than the humming of flies or the roar of passing 'planes. 10.0. The eldest child peeps from beneath the old bird's breast and looks at the world. Its little short beak is in marked contrast to mother's lengthy proboscis. Is the curlew an example of the development of the individual recapitulating the history of the species? Mother with infinite gentleness used her long beak to push it back again. She also pushes back underneath her the empty shell. The chick refuses to stay put. It struggles forth and staggers into the long



THE ELDEST CHICK PEEPS FROM BENEATH THE HEN—



—IT STAGGERS INTO THE GRASS TO PECK A BUTTERCUP



CHICK NUMBER 2 WAS ALSO QUICKLY EXPLORING
On the second day the four chicks left the nest for good

grass where it pecks at a buttercup. She watches it but does not seem to have any idea of fetching it back. Nevertheless she takes a lot of trouble tucking its empty shell beneath her, also those from which the other two chicks have emerged. It is interesting to see that, unlike many other ground-breeding birds, she shows no disposition to dispose of these useless shells, but on the contrary takes care of them. One gets tumbled out of the slight depression that forms the nest and she immediately rakes it in again.

"10.45. The run-away chick has wandered out of sight, and I creep out of the back of the hide, crawl some yards, then rise, which gives Madame rather a shock, and look for the youngster. It has run six yards. I put it back in the nest, but it is off before I can get back into the tent."

It shows the tameness of this curlew that hardly was I under cover than she was running home to the babies, to stoop over them, fluff out her breast feathers and sit down once more. But the spirit of adventure was strong in the little things. Soon number two was off exploring, and then number three, lately a wet, helpless scrap but now an exquisite ball of grey and dark mottled down, toddled off on uncertain legs through that forest of grass stems where wolf-spiders ran and daddy-long-legs perched on the grass heads.

Still, the fourth egg remained, and it was still unhatched when I had to depart, by which time the three senior chicks had vanished, though I managed to locate one fifteen yards away. Throughout the day the male curlew had kept guard, walking quietly round and round but never coming actually to the nest. I wondered as I departed whether he would collect these amazingly adventurous, independent babies. Anyhow, either he or his mate did so, for at dawn next morning there were four chicks in the nest. But with the rising of the sun they left it for good, and for days its site was marked by the eggshells left behind.

Will this curlew couple return to their home for a third season? I hope so and shall be on the lookout for them. I have a great affection for the long-beaked, slender, elegant female who seems to know my hide as well as I know her, that steadfast mother who deserves a better mate than the feckless cock who, so far as I have seen, never does a thing to help her.

THE SINGLE GENTLEMAN

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

A SINGLE player has no standing on the course. That ruthless doctrine has been well known to me since I was a single player of eight years old or so dodging in and out between the grown-up couples, almost between their legs. It did not trouble me the other day, however, when on the first morning of a brief holiday I took my bag of clubs and set out to play a round, all by my elderly self. There was no one in the club house; nobody behind me and nobody as far as the eye could reach, in front of me. I had the links to myself; the sun shone beautifully; I could do as I pleased.

I think it must have been all but fifty years since I had last done such a thing. Goodness knows I have spent as many hours as most people in solitary practising, but that was with a single club or at most two; solemnly to play a round, hitting only one ball, and holing out the short putts with a positive religious fervour—this was indeed to recapture a sensation. I was sadly afraid that I should break down; that, being dissatisfied, as well I might be, with one shot, I should play another; that I should give myself all the four-foot putts in order to make sure I did not miss them. But I really was wonderfully honest; I could even tell you the score in which I compassed the eleven holes I played, but I shall refrain; first because it would be of no earthly interest, and secondly because no one would believe me; no one ever does believe the man who has played by himself, and quite right too. Only in one respect was I dishonest and that, since I openly intended it, was really honest after all. I had observed that the kind host with whom I was staying played his nightly game of Patience on a definite principle. If the distribution of the cards was palpably desperate he allowed himself what he euphemistically called one *bisque*; I should have called it a cheat. I determined to give myself one *bisque* and very useful it proved when I hooked my ball into an odious place in the sandhills, and then threw it on to the grass. Otherwise I was a model of honourable conduct though I was once sorely tempted. At a certain hole I really did hit—for me—two beautiful shots against the wind; the best tee shot of which I am capable followed by a spoon shot of almost divine quality; the ball finished some six or seven feet from the hole. It was a really agonising temptation to pick up the ball and give myself that so brilliant three, but I wrestled with it and I prevailed; I did not even hit the putt one-handed so that it would be "heads I won" if the ball went in, and "tails I did not lose" if it did not, because of course I *could* have holed it. No, I concentrated every thought, I bent every fibre of my being to the task of holing that putt—and the ball crawled in!

There is a delicious sense of freedom and irresponsibility in having the links thus to oneself and not the least of its pleasures is that of being able, if one has a mind to it, to play a hole backwards. In order to make up my eleven-hole round, I had to play one such improvised hole, from the sixth to the fifth, and it is one of the best I know, if only because a great many people would call it the most unfair that they ever saw. The green is guarded on one side by a knoll covered with rough and, as the flag is cut on that side, it is impossible to get directly at it, which is, exclaim all the apostles of fairness, a gross outrage. I should not admit this even if it were impossible, but it is not; it is just possible if the player hardens his heart and lays his tee shot down to the left as close as he dare to an out-of-bounds railway, almost under the shadow of the fatal railings. In that glorious case he can just—and even so only just—get at the hole. If he eschews the risk (which would be perhaps the wiser course) he can still reach the outskirts of the green and get his four by laying a long putt dead; but in that case there is a little bunker, also grossly unfair of course, that may very possibly catch him. And the railway is there hovering on the left flank all the way. A grand hole, a

fearfully grand hole, and if I had holed my putt I should have done it in four, but I was honest again; I missed it.

There is one alarming, or at any rate unattractive, thing about these solitary rounds. It may have been only a chance, but I think that there was a deeper underlying cause for the fact that the two thoroughly bad shots which I made were both blind ones. With no caddie to send forward, and no kindly partner to help, there is, especially in these days of dearth, a horrid tendency to look where the ball has gone almost before one has hit it. That is exactly what I did and though I did not lose my cheap re-paint, which will soon be worth its weight in gold, it was more through good fortune than any deserving on my part. At my advanced period of golfing decomposition I hardly required any further lesson in the importance of keeping the eye on the ball, but I received one.

I must add that there was one thoroughly selfish and disgraceful cause why I so particularly enjoyed myself. I had come from a region still very nearly snow bound. A good deal of the snow had departed, but such grass as was visible had still been as hard as iron. When I left bearing my clubs, the last valedictory remark addressed to me had been "Well, I hope you'll be able to use them but—" Out of the train

window I had observed the snow gradually disappearing from the fields, until there was none of it left; but the thought of frozen ground and the ball leaping like a young ram far over the putting green still oppressed me. At length the train stopped at the last of its five-and-twenty consecutive stopping places. As I got out in the dusk the air seemed to my dilated nostrils pleasantly warm and damp, but still the doubt persisted. The very first thing I did was to make a rush for the nearest piece of earth and prod it vigorously with my stick. Heaven be praised! the stick sank in. Restraining my emotions I said to my old friend the signalman, in an outwardly tranquil tone, "The frost seems to have gone." "Frost!" he returned. "We haven't had any frost here. It's lovely."

Lovely it was and as I write still is, save for a puddle or two, and who cares for puddles? If possible it has become lovelier by the rumours that have reached us of fresh falls of snow in the benighted regions left behind me. There is unquestionably something to be said for the misfortunes of others. It is true that it has been raining while I have been writing down these shocking sentiments, but now it has ceased, there is a strip of blue sky; the sandhills across the water are beginning to emerge from their misty canopy and I can see the taller and most distant hills beyond them. Larch has been ordered early and after that my partner and I, for I have got a partner this time, shall set forth. I shall not do anything so exhilarating as my three against the wind, but I do mean to keep my eye on the ball at that confounded Cader.

AFARMER REVIEWS HIS MISTAKES

By GEORGE CROSS

THOUGH I have the privilege of paying tithe on over a thousand acres, I farm less than a hundred, but I try my hand at a variety of things—breeding Suffolk Punches, for example. I started this breeding more or less as a hobby four years ago with two brood mares, which I bought from a cousin in Suffolk, who first reminded me of the adage: "Sell a horse, lose a friend" (but I still have both). The lot cost £155, and, although the older mare has died, I now have five beautiful youngsters from three years downwards, which I could sell for £400 any day.

Then there are the black and white Jacob's sheep and, of course, the Jerseys. Just between you, me and the gate-post, these are one of my shortcomings and perhaps one of my backslidings. You see, I have kept Jerseys for over 20 years. I adore them and fancy I know a little about their idiosyncrasies. Last year I had three only, but after Lord Dawson's appeal for milk for the children, I became reckless and increased my herd to 17 head. This started me off with a vengeance making hay and silage and growing roots, kale, and all that's nice. But somehow the cows did not do their bit. I suppose they hadn't heard there was a war on, and I was told I must have protein (whatever that may be) or carbohydrates (whatever they are) to balance their rations.

A COUPON AND A HALF

So I wrote to the authorities to send me coupons for protein at once. But authority does not do things in that slipshod manner. Oh, dear, no! I must send my returns from the Milk Board for June. But I sold no milk in June: it was from August onwards that Lord Dawson wanted supplies. Never mind Lord Dawson: how dare I buy cows and think I was going to get any of this precious protein, even if the people I bought the animals from could have drawn them had they not sold out? I must wait until October, and if I was a good boy and had not tired of the game—well, perhaps, in the meantime there was a coupon and a half to keep me quiet.

And so the poor cows had next to none and the best milkers went ca'canny.

Now if I had bought Friesians or Short-horns they would not have been so fussy about this protein, perhaps, and would have given twice as much milk, even if there was not a knob of golden butter on the breakfast table or a spoonful of cream with the apple tart—hush! And who worries in war-time if the milk contains 2½ per cent. or 6 per cent. of butter fat?

My three and a half acres of wheat had produced 17 sacks to the acre on land I was warned would grow little else but weeds, and this was threshed and sold before September was out. The five acres of ploughed-up parkland had yielded 40 tons of potatoes which no one seemed to require, although I had been under the impression that there was a guaranteed price of about £6 a ton.

Of the two acres of dredge corn, the peas had mysteriously parted company with the barley and oats which had laid them down in protest and had to be cut by hand. The pastures that were becoming a carpet of white clover are now as overgrown as when I started to improve them ten years ago after a generation of neglect. All the harrowings, the 10 tons of chalk an acre, which so amused the natives, and the lashings of basic slag seem to have combined with the weather to encompass my undoing.

PLAN A YEAR OR MORE AHEAD

I may be a rotten farmer, but since left my father's and grandfather's farms in East Anglia as a boy to eat my heart out trying to make my pile cultivating bricks and mortar, ever hanker to be back on the land, I have learned at least two lessons:—(1) Never to make the same mistake twice; (2) always to plan a year or more ahead. So now for my new resolutions:—

Breed Suffolk Punches for all I am worth and sell one or both the three-year-olds when they can be guaranteed in chains and shafts.

See that the tribe of Jacob (sheep) increase to eat the rough pastures and to be eaten in due season.

Get even with protein controllers by growing my own in the shape of beans and peas at the expense of potatoes and wheat—a great pity, but I am driven to it.

Sell off the Jerseys and replace them with

Shorthorns and Friesians. No, that be damned for a tale—give the good old Marketing Board twice the butter fat they are paying for instead.

If anyone comes along and offers a 100 guineas for a Jersey heifer (*sic*) not to turn a deaf ear.

Get those pastures down by hook, crook or mowing machine.

While I was busy chewing the cud of my resolutions I came into the "case-is-altered" field which was pasture last year and was now being ploughed by my friend and self-constituted mentor, the oldest inhabitant. I could not hear him shouting at the horses in a jargon which only he and, perchance, they understand, or see him for the moment, and then I realised

it was his dinner hour and he would be the other side of the oat stack out of the wind. There was the old fellow, seated on his plough, his head nodding, and on the ground in front of him was a red handkerchief which had doubtless encased his meal and now shrouded a bright object which, on closer observation, proved to be an alarm clock. The horses had lost interest in their nosebags and were beating time to the music of the flies with their tails. As I glanced at my watch and saw it was one o'clock, off went the alarm; the ancient fellow slowly returned from the Elysian fields, and the horses turned their heads enquiringly to see if he was stirring.

"Arternoon, zur," said he, touching his

forehead and getting up as though his joints needed lubricating.

"Well, how are you, Charlie?" I asked.

"Tarblish well, tarblish, thank'ee. This here field be fair daddicky with theam wireworm. What he wants be a crop o' mustard. Holt oud harse dall'ee!"

"Don't you believe it," I replied. "I mind when I was a child going round with my granfer and a girl cousin and the old man saying, 'George, my boy, look how those beggarly wireworms are clearing off that mustard,' and at night when we said our prayers by the fire in the kitchen that girl cousin finished with 'And, God, please kill the beggarly worms that are eating grandpa's mustard.'"

CORRESPONDENCE

NATIONAL SURVEY OF CHURCHES

SIR,—The Ministry of Supply has been appealing very widely for scrap paper and many of your readers will be turning out and discarding back numbers of reviews and journals. May we ask that before they dispose of their copies of COUNTRY LIFE, they will send a card to this office? We are most anxious, for the benefit of future students, to complete our records of ancient or historically interesting churches and their fittings, and this journal contains much valuable material for the purpose. Of any copies sent to us, only the small proportion of relevant material will be retained, the rest being consigned to the pulpers. The present most necessary drive for salvage will have the effect of making odd back numbers very scarce, and we earnestly ask that readers will respond to this appeal.—FRANCIS C. EELES, *General Secretary, Central Council for the Care of Churches, Earlsam, Dunster, Somerset.*

NEW FOREST PONIES

SIR,—It think it is only fair to the New Forest pony that I should comment upon two letters which appear in your issue for February 20. The first is from Lord Northbrook, who, referring to this pony, writes:—"His day is gone." What possible argument there is to support this statement I do not know. The Forest pony is to be found by the thousand drawing small tradesmen's carts and great numbers are ridden by children. I have judged him at Burley in the New Forest, at the National Pony Society Show in London, and at very many other places and I have no hesitation in saying that he is an ideal child's pony.

In a harness class at Burley I drove a pony whose owner told me he had been driving the pony practically every day since his return from Dunkirk and often did 50 miles a day. This pony had never "been sick nor sorry." The New Forest pony is stout-hearted, willing and kindly in temperament—what has happened to cause his day to be ended?

Now, as to Major Jarvis's letter, in which he again refers to the damage done by the New Forest pony. In all farming districts throughout the country there have always been found farmers who neglect their gates and fences. Surely it is fair to say that if the land were properly fenced the ponies would not and could not encroach. Furthermore, the ponies who leave the Forest and become "lane-creeper" are impounded and the owners are fined and a charge of as much as five shillings for every day the ponies remain unclaimed is made by the person holding them. Is not Major Jarvis aware that this is a profitable sideline to some farmers and is he not aware that this is a matter of common knowledge? It follows from the above that practically all owners of lane-creeper ponies sell them to be destroyed, as it will be understood from what I have stated above that these misbehaving ponies are an expensive luxury.

A number of farmers on the

Forest take great pride in their ponies and they are an added source of income to them, and Major Jarvis to establish his plea for the destruction of them, which is apparently what he advocates, must surely prove that they are making serious inroads into the country's food supply. I feel that he refers to certain isolated cases of damage—and this by no means proves his case. The New Forest is a very useful pony, a profit to his farmer-owner, the servant of countless tradesmen and others, and he has an ancient right to graze on the Forest. If he is a pest, he must be destroyed—but only after this is proved.—R. S. SUMMERHAYS, *Editor "Riding."*

AT WRINGTON

SIR,—This strange pair of portrait busts adorns the church porch at Wrington. They are not great works of art and one hopes they are not too faithful likenesses. John Locke, the philosopher, was born, as the inscription records, "in a cottage which formerly stood near the North Door of this Church," and he was baptised there. Hannah More is said to have "lived for many years in this parish and to have devoted her time and talents to the cause of pure religion, sound morality and wide culture." She is buried in the churchyard, dying in 1833. Besides her good works and copious writings, one is glad to learn from a passage in her four-volume *Memoirs* that she occasionally unbent. "I eat brown bread and custard like a native, and we have a pretty, agreeable, laudable custom of getting tipsy twice a day upon Herefordshire cider."

Although they were not contemporaries by more than a century it was evidently thought fitting some time ago that the two local worthies should be honoured in this way.—M. JONES, *Cardiff.*

THE DURATION OF DREAMS

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of January 9, a striking account is given, in A Countryman's Notes, of a long dream which it is suggested occurred within a fraction of a second.

This may be so; but I venture to offer an alternative suggestion.

It may be presumed that the boy who fired the shot had been playing with the rifle for some little time previously.

It is probable that the dreamer became aware of this while asleep, for Myers and Gurney in their book *Phantasms of the Living*, have proved that persons while asleep may become aware of places and events at a distance.

There is, however, an authentic account of a dream which occurred while a clock was striking twelve; for the dreamer spoke to a person when the clock began to strike and again before it had finished striking and the dream took place in the interval.—F. G. TALBOT (Lieut.-Colonel), *Glenhurst, Esher.*

THE CROSS HANDS FINGER-POST

SIR,—As to the finger-post of the seventeenth century at the Cross Hands,



HANNAH MORE, WRITER
(See letter "At Wrington")

Mr. Woodroffe (November 28) is right. The N. J. stands for *Nathan Izod*; and there are many entries in the local vestry accounts which recall that Izods for centuries played their part in church life and other parish affairs. There is a Spanish strain in the family, and the Campden Izods actually came there from Chapel Izod in Ireland. Their name, Izod, Izzard, is, I have always understood, Spanish (or a dialect) for a native chamois, or gemsbok. In my young days the name was always pronounced "Izzard," but now the first letter is generally accentuated. It is spelt in several different forms in the church registers and vestry accounts.

The family always had land at Cross Hands, and before there was any railroad here, up to 1855, the Worcester to Oxford and London coach passed along that road. The seventeenth-century finger-posts would have been greatly appreciated.

Mr. Woodroffe is also correct in the seventeenth-century spelling of the Faithful City, and my father, the late W. Higford Griffiths, has often told us how his father remembered remains of bodies hanging on the gibbet up there. A field near by is still called the "gallows field."

And as for the chains, a prosperous working man told me two or three years ago that he had some old chains knocking about his yard, and that a stranger came cruising round and remarked what interesting old chains they were. "How much would you take for them?" he asked. "Not less than £5," the owner replied, thinking he was asking a fantastic price. A crisp bank-note was pressed at once into his hand, and stranger and chains walked off together. The former remarked that he had never seen any like them. Ah, me! No doubt these were the chains belonging to the gibbet, and probably those that had shackled the poor Perrys, in that dreadful miscarriage of justice known as The Campden Wonder, when three innocent people were hanged during the Commonwealth. The stranger informed my working man



JOHN LOCKE, PHILOSOPHER
(See letter "At Wrington")

THE SIXTH SENSE

From Sir James Corry, Bt.

SIR,—A Countryman's Notes in the February 13 number of COUNTRY LIFE are as charming and interesting as usual, but I think Major Jarvis exaggerates the possibilities of dogs' powers of hearing.

Some 15 years ago we were struck by the same apparent ability of a Scottie to recognise the family cars. He spent most of his time well away from the house, in search of rabbits, but never failed to greet his mistress at the front door, when she arrived home by car.

I believe that this was not because he recognised the car's engine sound, but through some telepathic faculty, which told him that his mistress was approaching.

A boyhood memory of mine points to the same thing. We used to spend our summer holidays at Hunter's Quay, on the Firth of Clyde, where the chief interest was yacht racing. The owner of a small racing yacht of a one-design class owned a dog, who appeared to be able to recognise his master's yacht. When the yacht was sailing along to take up moorings, after hours away, the dog would run along the shore road, baying. It may be the dog could recognise the number on the yacht's sail, but I think it more likely that he knew his master was approaching.

Some people have the same faculty of sensing the approach of someone who means a great deal to them, and it is an interesting speculation whether any person means as much to another as a dog's master does to a dog.

I have read of a dog who always knew when he arrived at his "home" station, no matter where the journey on the tube started.

It may be that the carrion birds possess some faculty, which is either not possessed, or not recognised by human beings, and this faculty, which enables them to locate a meal at a distance, may be allied to the canine sense.—J. P. S. CORRY, *London, S.W. 15.*



THE JAW OF THE GRAVESEND MONSTER

(See letter "Lucky Whalebone Arch")

What the chains would go to a museum.

In my young days I used to bicycle a good deal alone, and wondered often why the Cross Hands locality felt so spooky. "You would not wonder," replied my father, "if you knew all I do, about the robbing of coaches and the bodies left in the ditches, and other dark deeds."—J. GRIFFITHS, *The Shack, Campden, Gloucestershire.*

LUCKY WHALEBONE ARCH

SIR,—This whalebone arch in Peckham Rye Park, London, is supposed to bring luck to all who walk beneath it. I have been told that it was made from the famous whale known as the Gravesend Monster, which was washed ashore in the Thames Estuary in 1859. The arch is immense, being some 15ft. high, and is convincing proof of the prodigious size of this monster. It is reputed to have been 56ft. long and weighed 45 tons.

Locally it is considered very lucky to walk beneath it, presumably because the shape of the arch is similar to that of the much-sought-after wishbone of the chicken.—METRO.

1803-1918. VOLUNTEERS AND HOME GUARD

SIR,—In your issue of January 2, writing of service in the old Volunteers and the Home Guard, Mr. Wymer enquires if anyone else can

quote a similar case of history repeating itself, and although I cannot carry it to 1941, the following instance may be of interest.

From 1803 to 1813, my paternal great-grandfathers were lieutenant and ensign of the Huntingfield Volunteers (Suffolk), 120 strong. In 1805, when the enemy fleet went to the West Indies, chased by Nelson, and were lost for some months, our whole coast was in a state of great alarm and the Huntingfield Volunteers marched to Southwold, where they put in 12 days' duty on coast defence. I have the tea-pot which was presented to my Cooper great-grandfather when the Corps was disbanded in 1813, and in *Volunteers in Suffolk*, published by the Suffolk Regiment in 1935, I told the story of those critical days.

From 1913 to 1916 I commanded the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment,

with headquarters at Southwold, having detachments all over North Suffolk, and in 1918 I held a recruiting meeting on Huntingfield Green, having first called at Huntingfield Hall, where my people were living in Boney's time. After the great German push in the spring of that year, I took a company of Suffolk Volunteers and assisted to defend our bit of coast until the danger point of that most critical period had passed and we were sent home again. This time to my regret, *anno domini* prevents me from taking a place in the Home Guard, but the spirit is willing. My little sketch is from an engraving on a Volunteer officer's sword of the period. The Returns of the 1803-13 Volunteers are still to be seen at the Record Office.—ERNEST R. COOPER (Major, V.F., retired), *Woodbridge, Suffolk.*

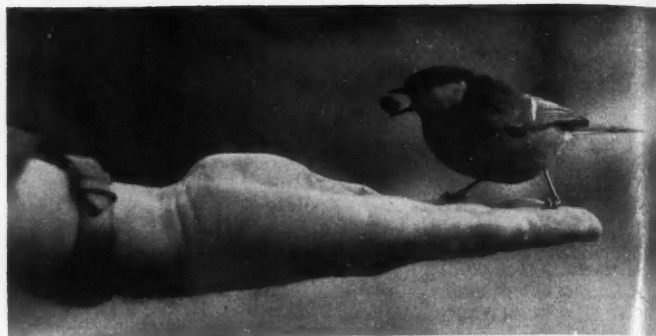


(See letter "1803-1918, Volunteers and Home Guard")

A GREAT TIT CARRIES ON

SIR,—In your issue of January 18, 1941, under the title of "Photographing Birds in Winter through the Window," you published a photograph of mine of a Great tit trained to feed from the hand.

Your readers may be interested to know that the same bird (now



THE GREAT TIT ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LEFT HAND

(See letter "A Great Tit Carries On")

three years old) visited us fairly regularly throughout the summer, and at the present time comes very many times a day for nuts.

When we leave the house for a morning or afternoon, a top light of the window is left open, and he will come in and help himself to nuts left inside on the window-sill.

I enclose a photograph of the same bird taken a week ago by myself, showing him picking up a nut from my left hand. One has to be rather quick, and owing to the close proximity of the camera, the hand must be thrust in the same position each time. This is the best of four exposures taken with a Sanderson camera with an 18-in. antinous release, shutter speed 1/50 sec., at F/5.6. Distance of bird from camera about 3 ft. 6 in.

I should be glad if you could give me an idea of the average length of life of this variety of bird.—H. TAYLOR, *Chelmsford, Essex.*

[Small birds under natural conditions run many risks, and their average expectation of life cannot be high, but their possibility of life is considerable, as is shown by the ages attained by caged birds. A case was recently reported to us of a caged siskin that lived for seventeen years. We think that given good fortune, a Great tit might live eight or nine years or more.—Ed.]

A FLOWER ROMANCE

SIR,—The Scilly Islands would never have become the flower centre they are but for a hat-box.

The starting of this industry was due to one of the islanders sending a sample box of early flowers to Covent Garden as an experiment. He received such high prices for the hat-box sample that he decided to send others; and from that the industry developed, and now the islanders have their own boat—the *Scillonian*—which is kept very busy during the season. This photograph shows the *Nor-Nor* loading at the island of St. Martin's to transfer to St. Mary's for loading on the larger boat.—G. LESLIE HORN, *Elgin Avenue, W.9.*

THE SPIT DOG

SIR,—One of the wheels in which a small dog was made to turn the spit can still be seen in the hall, formerly the kitchen, at St. Briavels Castle, in the Forest of Dean, where it remains above and to the right of the big open fireplace. The enclosed photograph might be of interest to other readers.—M. W., *Hereford.*



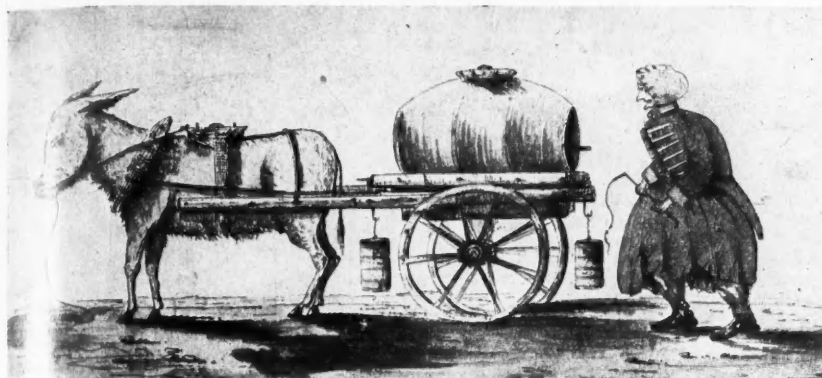
LOADING FLOWERS FOR LONDON AT THE ISLE OF ST. MARTIN'S

(See letter "A Flower Romance")



WHEEL IN WHICH A DOG USED TO TURN THE SPIT

(See letter "The Spit Dog")



BETTY AND THE DONKEY. SPIKE ISLAND, 1854

(See letter "Army Donkeys")

group confined in a narrow passage. No doubt it perished with the rest of the statuary, among which there were many fine reproductions, in the fire some years ago.—EDGAR SYERS, *Mordenhead Thicket*.

A PAINTED SCREEN AT MARDEN HILL

SIR,—I observe that the enquiry as to the provenance of the painted screen at Marden Hill, illustrated in your issue of December 26, 1941, has not yet produced a reply. Its heraldry shows that the four shields refer to the royal personages painted below them, since all bear arms of various kingdoms of Spain. The first has Castile quartering Leon, the second Aragon in the first quarter and Sicily in the fourth, the third Castile quartering Leon in the first quarter and Sicily in the second, the fourth Navarre. I cannot identify the remaining quarters or the sovereigns intended, but any expert in Spanish royal heraldry should be able to do so. They appear to belong to the period immediately preceding the union of the Spanish kingdoms under Ferdinand V, and I should guess them to represent Ferdinand II, who united Leon and Castile by his marriage with Isabella, Ferdinand the Just, King of Aragon and Sicily, Ferdinand V of Spain, and Francis de Foix, King of Navarre.—E. A. GREENING LAMBORN, *Littlemore, Oxford*.

EMPEROR DRAGONFLY AT OXFORD

SIR,—Some readers may be interested to hear that I have taken three specimens of the Emperor Dragonfly (*Anax imperator*) over a small pond on Open Brasenose Common, Oxford, one in July, 1940, and the others in July, 1941. This fly was previously unrecorded in this county, but it may have now established a colony.

In July, 1941, I also observed a

large swarm of White Admiral butterflies (*Limnites sybilla*) which must have numbered over fifty. Comma's were common on honeysuckle and several specimens of the Clouded Yellow (*Colias croceus*) were taken.—FRANCIS X. HORWOOD, *Seale-Hayne College, Newton Abbot, Devon*.

ARMY DONKEYS

SIR,—In the *Evening Standard* of January 13, 1942, the death is reported of Billy, the garrison donkey at Gibraltar. Billy was 23 years of age when he died, and it was claimed for him that he was the only official donkey on the strength of the British army.

The army paid a regular sum for Billy's fodder and accommodation by the R.A.O.C., and a civilian was paid a salary to look after him.

For sixteen years Billy carried the soldiers' laundry up the steep rock of Gibraltar to the drying grounds, using narrow paths where no motor car or van could go.

Billy was a Moorish donkey, and joined the army in 1925, retiring three months ago on a pension of a weekly bundle of straw and some hay. He won many beauty prizes at local shows in competition with civilian donkeys.

Billy reminds me of another famous donkey who was the pride and amusement of the 91st regiment, now a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the regiment I served with in the Great War. What his name was I do not know, but in the family scrapbook there is a water-colour drawing of him harnessed to his water-cart. His job was to draw the water for the "Ninety Ones." The sketch was drawn by a cousin of mine, Lieutenant W. O. Wade, of the 91st Highlanders, at Spike Island, and it is dated November 18, 1854, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland. Betty, in the sketch, a copy of which I enclose, is wearing a soldier's

red jacket and a tattered blue skirt. She was an old Irishwoman and was a great character in the regiment.—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire*.

FORDS AND WALKERS' WAYS

SIR,—“No country path should ever be turned into a road, unless an equally pleasant one is substituted.” Belatedly, while I was reading your issue of October 24, Professor Patrick Abercrombie's italics caught my eye. May I say “Hear! hear!” and add that the spirit of the remark should apply also and especially to any walkers' crossing of water. It is an odd fact that, while much attention has in recent years been given (rightly) to the preservation of footpaths and the comparative study of stiles, kissing-gates, gate-latches and the like, practically no notice has been taken of walkers' bridges—or stepping-stones.

If county councillors propose to destroy or “adapt” a reputedly Roman or Saxon bridge, then indeed there is some opposition, but the extinction of a wooden footbridge or a line of stepping-stones (the last are now rarities in southern England!), and the bridging of the adjacent ford by some engineer's mean little abortion in concrete (to carry traffic which should be kept to roads of a different class) excites scarcely a murmur from the inarticulate countryside.

Of course, there are exceptions. For example, a few years ago many busybodies in Norwich wished Old Walsingham Ford through the River Stiffkey to be bridged at a cost of nearly £2,000, despite the fact that the water was usually a mere 6ins. deep. Local opposition here was strong and the proposal was fortunately defeated, but the Norfolk County Council went half way to spoiling the ford by laying a concrete bottom and then piping the water under the concrete! (One supposes it is considered expedient to find some way

of spending any grant that may be extracted from the Ministry of Transport.)

The truth is, of course, that though our fathers and our grandfathers drove their gigs and dogcarts happily through fords, the modern motorist is terrified of a little water, and the tendency has been, since the last war, to assume that all fords are deplorable; in short, that the motorists (in which class practically all county councillors must belong) are invariably right. (This assumption is founded on or supported by the fact that the motorists have the money!) Here that view is most strongly opposed, and I suggest—in sympathy with Professor Abercrombie's remark—that motorists have already been too much encouraged in their penetration of places whither only walkers or riders should go, that, *prima facie*, the building of a road bridge over any ford should be opposed, and that footbridges should be preserved as footbridges and not be enlarged to take vehicles which belong to the highway rather than to the byway.

When anyone remembers how commonly “ford” has been used as a suffix in English place-names, he should find a certain irony in the fact that, for the rising generation, the word is meaningless. I enclose some photographs of fords and walkers' bridges to support the claim that many of these primitive crossings deserve to be preserved as they are.—J. D. U. WARD, *Bradfield, Berkshire*.



STEPPING-STONES AT CHAGFORD



A LITTLE USED ROMAN ROAD RUNNING FROM ALCHESTER TO ALDWORTH. The ford across the Pang

(See letter "Fords and Walkers' Ways")



FORD AND FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER NEVERN IN PEMBROKESHIRE. Salmon come up higher than this ford

POOR HEAVY LAND AND ITS PROBLEMS

By A. W. OLDERSHAW, Agricultural Organiser for East Suffolk, 1911-1940

WE have in this country an enormous area of poor heavy land. Quite a number of geological formations give rise to poor clay soils, which are often very difficult to cultivate and, as usually farmed, not very productive. Among these formations may be mentioned the lias, the gault and the boulder clays. A considerable proportion of these heavy soils was allowed to go down to poor grass either during the agricultural depression before 1900, or after 1918. Large areas became derelict and covered with thorns and brambles and are now being reclaimed at very heavy cost. The problem of devising a scheme of present and future cropping for such land is very important, and the long-term experiments at Saxmundham in Suffolk, on the chalky boulder clay, appear to provide valuable information on this point.

The land at Saxmundham is very heavy and impervious to water. Although it is situated in a relatively dry district of England, autumn-sown crops seldom or never suffer from drought. In spite of pipe and surface drainage most crops are seriously reduced by too much wet from time to time. The two fields in which the experiments are conducted were taken over for this purpose in 1899 by East Suffolk County Council, and the experiments have been continuous since that date. The land was specially selected for its poverty.

Similar land in the immediate neighbourhood was allowed to go derelict and became covered with thorns between 1918 and 1939. This land has now been cleared and brought into cultivation at enormous expense. There can be no doubt, therefore, that this is not the kind of land on which the average farmer finds it easy to make a living, or which it is easy to keep in cultivation in agricultural depression.

It is impossible, in the space at my disposal, to give details of the 40 years' experiments at Saxmundham, but an account of them has recently been published in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, Vol. 102, 1941.

Certain main points of importance, however, regarding the farming of such land come into prominence from the results of the experiments, and may be briefly dealt with. It is hardly necessary to mention that heavy clay land of the type we have in mind cannot be farmed properly, whether as arable or grass, unless it is adequately drained. It is possible that in many, perhaps most, cases both underground and surface drainage is desirable. Many clays are so impervious that heavy rain will not sink down to the drains within a reasonable time.

Pipe and mole-drains or a combination of the two are most valuable.

Saxmundham experiments bring out the very great importance on such soils of phos-

phate manures, both basic slag and superphosphate. There can be no doubt that most of our heavy soils respond extremely well to phosphatic manures. This does not mean, however, that phosphates should be the only fertiliser used—on the contrary, adequate dressings of nitrogenous manures are also most important to certain crops.

Our long-term experiments give an excellent opportunity to judge the extent to which, given normal prices, suitable artificial fertilisers will prove profitable, as an addition to farmyard manure, in the rotation.

During the period 1923-26, at the prices then prevalent, it was found that $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. nitrate of soda and $7\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. 30 per cent. super per acre applied to the mangolds gave increased crops worth £9 8s. in the four years of a rotation, compared with those obtained when farmyard manure only was used. The artificials cost £2 4s. 6d., so that a surplus of £7 3s. 6d. per acre, in favour of their use, was left. During the period 1929-33, the same treatment left a balance of £6 9s. 9d. in favour of using the artificials.

We thus see that nitrate of soda and super applied to the mangolds in a four-course rotation, in addition to farmyard manure (applied to the wheat) substantially increased the yields of all crops in the rotation and that in the typical years selected this increase was worth more than four times the cost of the artificials. It would be worth much more at the present time.

By using the same quantity of superphosphate, but $4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. nitrate of soda, in the four years of rotation, extra crops worth £17 3s. 3d. in 1923-26, and £14 14s. 6d. in 1929-33 were obtained. After paying for the artificials a sum of £13 0s. 3d. was left in 1923-26 and £11 11s. 6d. in 1929-33.

It is evident, therefore, that 10 tons of farmyard manure once in four years (the quantity actually used) is, on this type of land, wholly insufficient to maintain good yields, and that the crops can be very profitably increased by the use of generous quantities of nitrogenous and phosphatic manures applied at



CLOVER PLOTS BEING WEIGHED AT SAXMUNDHAM BY MR. C. CATTERMOLLE, FOREMAN

type produce [half enough farmyard manure.

Another very important point brought out by our experiments is the special suitability of this poor heavy land to certain crops. Herbage crops, such as clovers and vetches, succeed remarkably well. Red clover, in 1927, gave the exceptionally heavy yield of 128 cwt. of clover hay per acre on one plot in two cuts, and the average yield over a period of years was very good. Lucerne also has been very successful.

It seems likely that both clover and vetches will yield, on an average, almost as heavy crops on these poor clays (provided plenty of farmyard manure and phosphates are used) as on land worth three times the rent.

Temporary leys, including red and white clover and lucerne in mixture, have been remarkably successful and have, on an average of years, given as heavy yields of hay as good old meadows—and of better quality.

After a dressing of basic slag, the wild white clover in such leys covers the ground like a carpet, if the ley is well grazed. Of the grain crops, winter beans have, on an average, given the heaviest yields of corn at Saxmundham, in spite of occasional very poor crops.

Although good yields of wheat and barley, and fair yields of mangolds, have been obtained in favourable seasons, it is evidently very difficult to obtain a high average yield of these crops on this type of soil. Wet weather at some critical period is apparently a principal cause of poor yields with these crops, especially perhaps wet weather at seed time. The sticky nature of the soil renders it impossible to drill the crop under favourable conditions unless reasonably good weather occurs at the time.

What, then, is a long-term policy for farming such poor heavy clay land? Possibly fields most distant from the homestead might be sown down to temporary leys—to be followed by a few years of arable and then another ley. On these outlying fields, basic slag would usually result in a beautiful growth of wild white clover in the leys. In seed-growing districts, wild white clover and red clover might very well be saved for seed on any part of the farm, as might also trefoil. Vetches, too, might be grown with advantage either for seed or in silage mixtures, or for mowing green.

As herbage plants succeed so well, it would be possible to keep a good head of cattle which might be almost entirely maintained upon home-grown produce. These would give an abundant supply of farmyard manure which the land needs so badly. In any particular year there would be a rather limited area under the plough, but the land then in arable would receive generous dressings of both farmyard and artificial manures, the aim being to secure really good crops instead of the miserable ones so common on this class of land.



PRODUCTIVITY (IN CWT. PER ACRE) OF LUCERNE (left) AND OLD GRASS FOR FOUR YEARS AT SAXMUNDHAM

It is doubtful if many farms of this

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EFFICIENT USE OF FARM TRACTORS

By H. CECIL

FARMERS hardly need reminding of the urgent need for increased food production this year. The situation calls for the utmost effort of which co-operation among landowners, farmers and farm workers is capable, backed and encouraged and assisted by the Government, County Agricultural Committees and fair price margins.

The Prime Minister, Mr. R. S. Hudson and Lord Woolton have all stressed the need, and we know that with right management and treatment our land is well capable of contributing very considerably more to the national larder than it has ever done in the past.

It has been stated officially that 100 acres of grass may provide sustenance for 20 persons, whereas 100 acres of arable will provide for 75. The difference must very often be much greater in favour of arable.

A FULL YEAR'S WORK

Many factors can contribute to a total increase in food production, and one of the most important is the maximum use of tractor power. We have been told that the number of tractors on our farms in 1939 was 52,000, whereas it had recently reached over 100,000. This is a great increase, but it is still insufficient, for tractors have to make up for lost labour, to be mainly responsible for the ploughing and after-cultivation of four million or more acres of grass, assist with the work on land previously arable, and perform a hundred and one other jobs.

In order to achieve all this our tractors must do a very full year's work. Are they working the maximum number of hours in the day and week and month and year? Are they, when at work, working at maximum efficiency? Are they turning three furrows instead of two whenever they are capable of doing it? Are they working in the most effective combination with tillage implements especially suitable for them? Are they being serviced as they should be—not only by day to day attention on the farm but by regular overhaul by tractor representatives who can deal fully with the particular kind of tractor used?

LEND TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR

In order that every tractor with its tillage machinery shall pull its full weight in the food production effort, it should be as completely employed throughout the year as thorough servicing at all times will enable it to be. This, of course, assumes that the tractor or unit is most effectively used in relation to travelling

time, driver's capacity for long hours, and similar factors.

In the national interest it is very desirable that any farmer who owns a tractor should use it to its fullest capacity on his own farm, and if there are any periods when he does not need it, then it should be put to work on a neighbouring farm.

It should never be forgotten that for the time being tractors, and the implements immediately associated with them, are a national asset of immense value, and they should be employed on a co-operative basis in the same way as ships.

As regards drivers, much time can be saved if another farm worker takes over the tractor during the usual driver's meal-times. Youths of 16 to 18 and members of the Women's Land Army can be of great service.

The days are quickly drawing out, and it will be possible for tractors to put in much longer hours if they are kept in good running order and drivers are available. Given these, a tractor has the great advantage over a horse in that it can be run indefinitely. It should never be allowed to stand idle during daylight, and care should be taken to see that it works as long as possible at its full load. In ploughing, for example, a tractor may often draw a two-furrow plough, when not on full load, though it is quite capable of turning three furrows. Here the saving on a man's time alone is considerable, as six acres a day may be ploughed instead of four acres, while the running costs per acre are much less, and interest and depreciation charges are also reduced. Similar facts apply in relation to the implements used with a tractor, and these will work to best advantage when specially designed for tractor work.

THREE FURROWS INSTEAD OF TWO

Another point: when not required for ploughing and other tillage work, tractors may be used for very many other jobs—hauling, threshing, chaff-cutting, root pulping, hay drying, harvesting, and the like. If one farmer can do all the work on his 300-acre farm with



CORRECT SETTING OF THE PLOUGH IS ESSENTIAL

A three-furrow plough, properly set, being pulled by a Ford tractor Green Spot in the Hampshire W.A.C. demonstration on an estate near the Winchester-Basingstoke main road

the aid of two tractors and one horse, and also undertake contract work, other farmers can at least carry out their own work.

Regarding the drawing of three furrows instead of two, the official suggestion that this could easily become more general has been borne out by trials conducted by the Hampshire and Somerset War Agricultural Executive Committees. The Hampshire trials showed that plough maintenance and setting have an important bearing on output.

EXTRA FURROW WORTH WHILE

The Somerset trials were on heavy land and gave an answer to the query whether the extra furrow is economical or worth while on such land. Though there were adverse weather conditions, three furrows 10½ ins. wide and 6 ins. deep were pulled, with power to spare, by two types of Fordsons on steel wheels and spade lugs and working in low gear. Though this was four-horse land, "there was no difficulty once the ploughs had been correctly set," and "farmers were surprised to see the work so well done and to find that even on such heavy land the tractor was not overloaded." It is stated in the report that "the outstanding result was that decidedly better work was performed by the three-furrow outfit and despite the lower speed through using bottom gear there was an appreciable saving both in time and in fuel per acre."

In one of the trials the two-furrow outfit ploughed 1·244 acres in 2 hours 45 minutes, and the three-furrow outfit 1·239 acres in 2 hours 5 minutes—an advantage of 40 minutes in favour of the three-furrow plough. Not only that: owing to the longer time taken, the two-furrow used 11·8 per cent. more fuel.

In a second test the two-furrow and three-furrow acreages were 1·009 and 1·008 respectively, the times 2 hours 14 minutes and 1 hour 48 minutes—26 minutes advantage for the three-furrow outfit, and the two-furrow consumed 2·8 per cent. more fuel.

THE RUBBER SHORTAGE

There are various farm tractors from which to choose, such as the Fordson, Cletrac Crawler, David Brown, Case, Caterpillar, International and Massey-Harris. It is of some importance to select a tractor specially adapted to the purposes for which it is required, to have the right implements, to ensure that the implements are set correctly, to service the tractor properly and continuously, and to work always on full load and at fullest time. In view of the rubber shortage it is of great importance that farmers who have tractors with rubber-tyred wheels should take special care of these. Replacements may be difficult to obtain, and it may be necessary to change them in due time for wheels with strakes, new types of which may be expected.

The demands made on farm machinery are sufficient in themselves to emphasise the urgent necessity of maintaining all of it in an efficient state, ready for immediate and long-continued work. This is so especially true of farm tractors—now by far the most important machine on the farm—that the question of maintenance will be covered in a second article.



DOING THE WORK OF TEN HORSES
A Caterpillar Diesel at work on heavy soil in Kent

THE VALUE OF SILAGE

By H. C. LONG

IT may be said at once that a great increase in silage making should have come about years ago, for its value in milk and meat production was not less than now. Ensilage has long been encouraged by Ministry of Agriculture publications, but until 1939 it increased very slowly.

In his mind's eye the writer can see green maize being ensiled for his father's stock round about the year 1884, and not without success—at a time when there was considerable interest in the matter. Many farmers, however, found ensilage costly, and too little was known of the principles involved and the real value of the product, for at that time we did not know so much about digestibility and comparative starch equivalents. Some five years later we were making stack silage, while wet grains were preserved in a cemented container.

WAR-TIME INTEREST

During the last 20 years the process of ensilage has been widely studied, Amos and Woodman having prepared a considerable account of the different types of silage for an official bulletin. With the advent of war the immense possibilities of silage for stock at once led to wide interest being taken in the process, and Imperial Chemical Industries entered enthusiastically into the propaganda and educational side of it. Quite recently Mr. H. I. Moore, who has given scores of lectures on silage, assisted large numbers of farmers to start work on it and has been consulted about hundreds of silos, has prepared an excellent little book entitled *Silos and Silage* (Farmer and Stock-breeder, 3s. 6d.).

It is understood that in the first year of the war the number of silos in the country increased by about 170 per cent., and a month or so ago the Minister of Agriculture said that

the 2,000,000-ton production mark had been reached. This is good going, as that quantity would provide a million cattle with 40 lb. a day each for 16 winter weeks.

As well-made silage from good crops may so easily replace heavy quantities of imported concentrates, when used either for milk or meat production, it is essential that in the coming season the quantity produced shall be greatly increased. According to Dr. N. Wright, of the Hannah Dairy Research Institute, 3,000,000 tons of good quality grass silage would produce 300,000,000 gallons of milk.

There are various kinds of silage, commonly grouped as high quality, intermediate quality and low quality, in accordance with their protein content and suitability for production rations or subsistence rations. The high quality material is made from such crops as clover, lucerne, sainfoin or young grass, and is more or less a good substitute for meals and cakes; the medium quality is made from much older grass, sugar beet tops, marrow stem kale, pea and oat or vetch and oat mixtures; and low quality from old grass, maize, potatoes, etc.

The three groups may respectively be expected to contain round about 15 per cent. or more of crude protein in the dry matter, 12 to 15 per cent., and under 12 per cent.

USE OF MOLASSES

When silage is made from crops rich in protein it serves a useful purpose to mix a proportion of molasses with the material as it is put in the silo, so that the increase in carbohydrates encourages the right degree of fermentation and the production of lactic acid. The more carbohydrate materials, like green maize and potatoes, do not require molasses. There is room for all types of silage, for use with different available feeding-stuffs.

As a food for livestock the better quality samples may largely replace protein concentrates; while the lower quality types may in part substitute cereal meals, hay, straw or roots. Milking cows can take large quantities of best quality silage without concentrates, unless they are producing more than 3 gallons of milk a day. At the I.C.I. farm at Jealotts Hill, cows received up to 70 lb. of grass silage throughout the winter and milked well.

DAILY RATIONS

A rather surprising instance is that of a cow (at the Rowett Research Institute's Farm, Aberdeenshire) that ate 152 lb. of high quality silage daily for two months, without other food—and averaged 5 gallons of milk daily.

Dairy cows may at least have 35 to 50 or 60 lb. of silage daily, with some hay or cereal according to the quality of the silage used.

Fattening stock will take much the same quantity as dairy cows, with other foods; while stores will take 28 lb. with hay. Calves can begin early with a small quantity in part substitution for meals and roots.

Sheep may have from 1 lb. of the medium or low-grade materials, rising to 7 lb. for big wethers or in-lamb ewes.

Horses cannot deal with large quantities, but will take a few pounds daily, and even up to 20 or 25 lb. a day for big animals in work.

Pigs and poultry can also thrive on suitable types of silage, the former getting such by-product silage as potatoes or maize or marrow stem kale, and poultry the silage made from short young grass—chopped, with meal.

There are, of course, many types of silo in which silage may be made, but the more expensive and permanent ones are obviously not greatly favoured at the present time, when the lower-priced structures—and especially those of

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staves and wire, lined with waterproofed paper—have been in great demand.

The Ministry of Agriculture not long since issued instructions (Growmore Leaflet No. 79) for the making of home-made silos. This seems to remove the last excuse for not having silos, and one may hope that there will at once be a large increase in the numbers erected throughout the country. If these are filled to the top with good fodder for use next autumn and winter, the country will not look in vain for a definite upward trend in the milk supply.

SILO FROM HENHOUSE TIMBER

It deserves to be recorded here that in a national silage-making competition for Young Farmers' Clubs the four clubs that reached the final produced silage of excellent quality. In two instances wire and paper silos were used, in a third a sectional wooden silo, while the fourth silo was an eight-sided one constructed from the timber of a disused henhouse.

It was held to be demonstrated that, with ordinary farm equipment, and simple instructions that are available to everyone, the highest quality silage can be made. Further, if the high standard of the product could be reached by all farmers, we should see a very large addition to the country's supplies.

While it will be obvious that the making of straw pulp by the new process (see COUNTRY LIFE, October 17, 1941) is not directly connected with ensilage, it nevertheless means greatly increased stock food. The Department of Mines has just reported on straw pulp feeding trials with pit ponies, indicating considerable success. After nine weeks' trial all 71 horses employed underground at two collieries were eating and enjoying the new food, without a single case of colic. Instead of 10 lb. of hay, six horses were receiving 5 lb. hay and 20 lb. straw pulp, and the other 65 horses were getting 8 lb. hay and 7 lb. pulp. The coats of some of the older horses have definitely improved, and it is stated that when some horses were given corn "they stood back in the stall and whinnied until they were given the pulp."

SOIL CONSERVATION IN U.S.A.

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

DESPITE all their efforts to stop soil erosion, the U.S.A. are still losing about 500,000 acres of land every year, and they are beginning to be worried about it, for it is a pretty big thing. It represents the loss of about 3,000,000,000 tons of soil a year, or the disappearance every day of more than thirty 50-acre farms. So far, about 50,000,000 acres of cropland have been ruined and about 200,000,000 badly damaged—an area as big as six of the most famous farming States in America, namely, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Missouri.

EROSION OF MILLIONS OF ACRES

I did not see the renowned "Dust Bowl" during my recent tour in the U.S.A., but I did see land that was blowing in North Dakota. The wind that day was not much more than a gentle breeze, probably round about 20 miles an hour at the most. But it was sufficient to keep a steady stream of soil particles moving through the air. The land itself was hollowed and grooved out in gullies, interspersed with small tussocky mounds where that particular little bit, for some reason, had remained. The first thought that struck me was what a fine natural golf links it would make, if only the country were not all so flat. After reflection, I cannot better that description. It was like Hayling Island golf course with a south-westerly wind stinging your face with the sand. That is happening over many million acres in America—erosion of the less spectacular kind.

But there are even more millions of acres preparing to go the same way unless something is done. It is land where a corn crop has been grown year after year, and there is no humus left in the soil. I drove through about 150 miles of it to reach the place where erosion had really started, and I never believed that any-

thing on this round earth could be so flat. The landscape stretched away like a flat table, with no hedges, few trees, houses at only very rare intervals, and a sharp rim to the horizon where one expected to see the day-after-morrow's sunrise swinging into place. To me it looked deadly dull. But those who lived there assured me that you soon became very fond of it, that you rejoice in the sense of freedom and space, and that there you could enjoy the finest cloud effects in the world.

HUMUS-STARVED LAND

The soil was of a dark alluvial type, for this was once the bed of a mighty lake, stretching right up into Canada. But most of the farmers there only averaged about 16 bushels of wheat to the acre. That looked all wrong to me. I felt certain that any East Anglian farmer would have averaged at least 32-36 bushels. I was told that the climate was against good yields, however, and there was insufficient rainfall. But I discovered that good farmers in this district were getting 36 and even 40 bushels. But they were putting back humus into the soil to conserve the moisture. They, I regret to say, were very much in a minority, and I was horrified to see, on this humus-starved land, many heaps where the straw had been burned.

It was difficult at first to realise that I had come to a great farming country where there just is no tradition for conserving the soil and its fertility. The United States are so vast—they would have room for 40 Britains—that, when the early settlers went there, the land seemed unlimited. So the only tradition was to use it up and move on westwards. They mined the fertility out of their land and sent it overseas, with disastrous results in the end to farmers in America, as well as to farmers in the countries that received this plant food



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stored up in the soil over many centuries. We, trying to live on our soil income, were competing with countries like this that were living on their soil capital. Under any sane economic system, a method that produced double the crops per acre and left the soil intact should have been at an advantage over a method that plundered the soil and even so produced only half the yields. Whatever other word might be found for such a spendthrift system, "economic" seems hardly the one to choose. But our "cheap" food enthusiasts felt otherwise. These are some comparative average yields in the two countries for the last 10 years:—

	Bushels per Acre	
	U.S.A.	Britain.
Wheat ...	13	32
Oats ...	26	39
Barley ...	20	32
Potatoes ...	113	286

This disappearance of so much soil in the U.S.A. has contributed largely to America's surplus population on the farms. For there the problem is not to get people back to the land, but people away from it. Every year nearly half a million additional workers are trying to make a living off the land, as young people grow up and start looking for jobs. But the good farming land is decreasing in area and machinery is reducing still further the amount of labour the land requires. It is estimated that all the normal demands for farm products, both for home use and for export, could be met with 1,600,000 fewer farm workers to-day than in 1930.

LAND SHORTAGE POSSIBLE

Incredible as it may seem, therefore, the United States now face the possibility of a land shortage for the support of their population. Out of the present cropland area of 415,000,000 acres, 342,000,000 can be classed as really good land. The major portion, even of this, is losing soil with every hard rain. Only about 62,000,000 acres now in crops are both good and non-erodible. Possibly another 70,000,000 acres could be added to this by drainage, irrigation and clearance schemes, giving about 130,000,000 acres of good, erosion-free land

available for crops—about one acre per head of the population.

"This," said Henry Wallace, in 1940, his last year as Secretary for Agriculture, "is not nearly enough for adequate support of the population."

The problem is being tackled with the vigour one would expect of a young nation that does nothing by halves. It is only partly true that farmers are being paid in America for not growing corn. They must not only rest the land from corn to gain the subsidy; they must also do certain positive things for conserving the soil on which the corn would have been grown. They must fallow it, or grow "soil-conserving" crops, such as grass and clovers, for restoring humus.

We had too much grass land and too little arable before the war; American agriculture suffered from exactly the reverse. But we have both been struck by the same idea as a basis for an agricultural policy, namely, care of the soil; we are both turning to a more balanced form of farming to put things right; their Government makes grants for grassing down, ours makes grants for ploughing up.

STRIP CROPPING

Steeper areas and critically eroded places in the United States are being turned to permanent pasture or forest. Croplands are to be farmed in rotation, often with strips of cultivated crops between strips of dense cover.

Considerable importance is attached to this strip cropping. I imagined, in my ignorance, that when the soil was blown from one field on to another, the field receiving it benefited and became richer in topsoil. Actually, blowing soil seems to have an infectious quality and picks up and carries on other soil on which it temporarily settles. Terraces are built to provide further protection, and they are built irrespective of farm boundaries. They are joint installations to which all the farmers concerned contribute the land and the costs of construction and upkeep. Gullies are being planted to permanent cover, or stabilised with soil-holding dams. Woodlands are protected

from fire and grazing, with merchantable timber harvested so as to insure a vigorous stand of young timber. Shelter belts of trees are being planted and will stretch for some thousands of miles. These windbreaks are being planted with low trees, such as wild plum, on the outside and sloping upwards to taller trees, such as Chinese elm and American ash, for experience has shown that the sloping belt deflects the wind upwards and away, whereas the wind currents sweep downwards again over a tall belt of trees all one height.

These methods of soil conservation do not mean wholesale retirement of the land from cultivation. Only the least productive areas and the steep and badly eroded lands are treated like that. In fact, by saving soil and water, by developing pastures and by improving idle lands, many farms are becoming more productive. At Duck Creek, near Lindale, Texas, farm income records were kept on 60 farms when conservation was started in 1935. The operators of 40 of them adopted complete programmes of control and water conservation, making the necessary adjustments in land use, ploughing on the contour, terracing, strip cropping and adopting soil-building rotations. The first year earnings were about 20 per cent. greater on these farms than on those that failed to adopt conservation methods. In 1937 they came out nearly 57 per cent. better on the year than their neighbours. In 1938 the difference was 100 per cent. in their favour; in 1939 they did better still.

EXPORT OF BEEF MAY COME

Far-reaching results are bound to come from such a gigantic change-over in the whole system of agriculture in this vast country. Livestock and their products will come more to the forefront of the picture, which opens up the question of new markets, national nutrition, grass-land improvement (still in its infancy in the United States), and international trade and relationships. The United States may very well cease to be an exporter of wheat or maize but may become an exporter of beef, butter and cheese.



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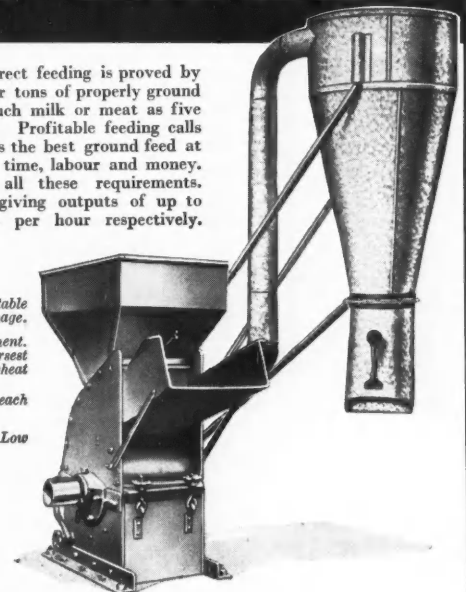
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FARMING NOTES

LAND RECLAMATION AND THE NATION'S FOOD

ALL over the country examples can be found of land reclamation undertaken since the war started to provide more of the home-grown food that the nation requires. Some of this work has been done by private individuals who have the pioneering instinct and who could see that war-time prices would allow them to satisfy their ambition to reclaim derelict land without involving them in heavy losses. These pioneers can, for the most part, show satisfactory financial results. It was their own money they were risking and they applied all their knowledge and skill to make a success of the reclamation, whether it was tough Midland clay or thin soil on the chalk downs that had reverted to gorse and juniper bushes. Most of the War Agricultural Committees have also tried their hands at land reclamation. The Essex Committee has done a great deal on the Southend By-Pass Road clearing up odd patches of derelict building land which were producing no food at all. Now they are planted with wheat or beans and the ground should grow something useful for the 1942 harvest.

ONE of the most outstanding examples of land reclamation is the 650 acres at Dolfor in the Montgomeryshire hills. It is outstanding not because of its success but because Lord Davies has elicited in the House of Lords the information that the potato crop at Dolfor returned no more than the seed sown and involved the country in several thousand pounds loss. Happily, this is an exceptional case. The trouble was due to late planting and lack of lime and other necessary fertilisers. Last June the Ministry of Food was very insistent that someone should relieve it of a

large tonnage of Irish seed potatoes at the end of the planting season, and the Montgomery Committee undertook to grow the potatoes on this land with the co-operation of the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Engineering. So the War Agricultural Committee was not altogether to blame for taking risks. Their hands were forced. In any case, it is true enough that the cultivations done on this land for potatoes last year should be a good preparation for subsequent cropping.

WRITING in the *Land Agents' Journal*, Major Marriott, the Chairman of the Montgomery War Agricultural Executive Committee, has said that they will soon have 3,000 acres under cultivation in blocks varying in extent from 250 to 800 acres. The size of an area depends obviously on the ground available. Two hundred and fifty acres is considered the smallest economic unit and 1,000 acres the largest. Over each area is placed a bailiff who is responsible for the cultivations and cropping under direction of the Committee's technical staff. The idea is to go on increasing at the rate of 800 acres a year. The system of cropping, provided lime and artificial fertilisers are available, is rape, two years of potatoes, oats and then two years of seeds mixture, which means that with a regular increase of 800 acres a year up to 1,600 acres will be constantly under potatoes.



LIFTING SECOND EARLY POTATOES ON HELDRE HILL, DOLFOR, AUGUST 1941. This land received a dressing of ground limestone in early spring

MOST of the land being farmed by the Montgomery Committee is at a high elevation ranging from 900 to 1,400 ft. above sea level. There is a good deal of bracken and some heather and gorse. Where there is a big

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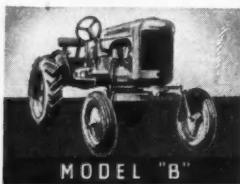
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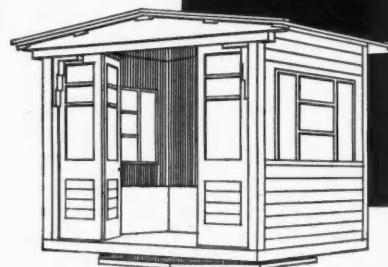
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growth of bracken it is reasonably safe to assume that there is a good depth of soil. It is usually rather light stuff, naturally dry, and fairly high in organic content because of the accumulation of dead vegetable matter. Such soils are rich in potash, which is most important for potato growing, but lime is needed and also in most cases phosphates. Experience so far suggests that the most effective way of tackling the bracken is to plough sometime between the end of June and the beginning of August. The ploughing must be deep enough to cut most of the bracken roots. This means ploughing at a depth of about 10 ins. Then the land is disced, setting the discs twice at least in the direction of the furrow so that the furrow slice is not turned back again. Otherwise the bracken and grass will be brought on to the surface.

LAND that has been ploughed and worked by mid-July can be sown with a mixture of rye, turnips and mustard. This gives some valuable grazing for sheep during the autumn and the treading of the sheep helps to consolidate the ground and decompose the bracken roots. In the following spring land that has been well grazed and trodden by sheep should be in excellent condition for potato growing. The discs are again used. Two or three discings have been found quite enough to give a good tilth, enabling the ridging plough to work satisfactorily.

MAJOR MARRIOTT and his colleagues on the Montgomeryshire War Agricultural Committee do not lack courage. No doubt they have made some mistakes which local critics can point to with glee, but they have grown several thousand tons of food on land that was producing almost nothing. Such enthusiasm needs to be tempered with practical common-sense, and with the memory of the first year of Dolfor behind them, the Montgomery Committee will no doubt think twice before they are persuaded at the last moment to grow potatoes on mountain tops at the behest of the Ministry of Food.



TYPICAL PLANTS OF MAJESTIC POTATO (left) ON THE UNSLAGGED AND (right) ON THE SLAGGED AREAS OF WALTON HILL, DOLFOR

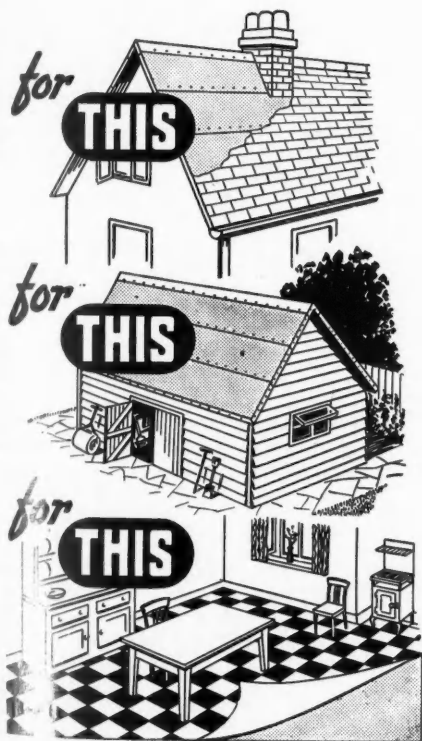
THRESHING is getting behind schedule in some districts and a real drive to catch up with the calendar will have to be made unless many farmers are to be left with their corn threshing still to be done when every man ought to be out in the fields preparing for the 1942 crops. The trouble seems to be that no one had realised how much extra corn there was to be threshed this winter. The threshing contractors said that if everything was left to them it would be all right. But although we have had an exceptionally dry winter and very few threshing days have been lost owing to rain, the progress of the contractors' machines round the farms has been exasperatingly slow. Some districts have got the work well organised. Each threshing contractor has been allocated a certain number of farms and the War Agricultural

Committee has kept him up to the mark.

IN dairying districts it has helped a great deal to have two or four members of the Women's Land Army going round with the threshing machines so as to ensure that there is a full team to keep the machine going from dawn till dusk in the winter, even though the regular farm hands have to milk the cows morning and afternoon. It is only by better organisation that threshing can be speeded up. There is no hope of getting many more machines from abroad. We have to make the fullest use of those we have, and if every threshing machine were employed to anything like capacity through the winter there would be no difficulty about getting the job finished well before the spring.

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NEW BOOKS

EVERY NOW AND AGAIN
HE SEES A GHOST

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IT is rather surprising to find a man writing, "In 1935 I saw two indubitable ghosts within two weeks of each other," and thinking so little of the matter that he just leaves it at that. Later on, in the same casual fashion he throws off the remark: "Every now and again I see a ghost."

This writer is Mr. Lennox Robinson, the Irish dramatist. He seems to have moved a good deal in ghostly circles, among people who had become a shade *blasé* about spectres. Mr. Robinson had been describing to a friend an encounter with a spirit. "He was not moved: his family is quite accustomed to ghosts."

In this autobiographical book of Mr. Robinson's, *Curtain Up* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), we move in excellent company, embodied and disembodied, and meet a good many people who were themselves half-ghost. There was A. E., for example, robust and fleshy enough in all conscience; but I remember how he used to tell me of days spent among the Irish mountains, not imagining but literally seeing the ancient people of Ireland going about their prehistoric affairs.

Necessarily, A. E., Yeats, George Moore, Lady Gregory, and all the stars moving round that cultural sun Dublin's Abbey Theatre, come largely into the book, for Mr. Robinson above and beyond everything else is an Abbey Theatre man. All the members of that brilliant circle have written and gossiped one another to shreds for many years past; and yet they were so interesting, so vital, a collection of people that one does not tire of going again over the pieces.

Mr. Robinson was an Irish parson's son, brought up in the country, remote from opportunities to see plays or breathe the odour of green room and footlights in which his life was to pass. Yet he turned to play-writing "as instinctively as a wild animal turns to its native food," and inevitably, as an Irishman would do in those days, he sent his plays to the Abbey Theatre.

ABBAY THEATRE

At the age of 23 his life's direction was decided. Lady Gregory and Yeats called him to Dublin and appointed him manager and producer at the Abbey. "I knew next to nothing of the theatre save that I had written a couple of small plays. I had a very poor education, I couldn't add up figures. But if the Directors were crazy and fantastical I was not, and I accepted on the spot."

Thenceforward, Mr. Robinson found himself in the thick of contemporary theatrical happenings, in Ireland, England and America, and his book becomes rich in personalities

and anecdotes. I like the one of Max Beerbohm turning on a luncheon party which, Ramsay MacDonald having just left the room, began immediately to gore him for his vanity. Said Max: "Well, I suppose if you got up in the morning and started to shave that handsome face and reflected that you were a humble Scotswoman's son and that you were now Prime Minister of England—and it is something to be Prime Minister of England—you might feel a little vain."

I am glad that Mr. Robinson has given their due to the actors and actresses who so often are overlooked, authors, producers and artists stealing all the space. But Mr. Robinson is well aware—as all who

saw them must be aware—of what the Abbey Theatre owed to Arthur Sinclair, Barry Fitzgerald, Maire O'Neill, Sara Allgood and the rest of them. How those people worked!—and often enough, when "the troubles" were on in Dublin, for a pittance. When one compares the life of a flapper's idol, posturing through one or two parts for years on end, with the lives of these hard-working artists, one is amazed and almost outraged. "In America," says Mr. Robinson, "some newspaper man asked me how many parts our principal players knew, and I enquired of Sara Allgood, Arthur Sinclair and the others. It transpired that they could go on the stage without a rehearsal in between 40 and 50 parts, big and small."

I have enjoyed Mr. Robinson's ghosts and men very much indeed. Let me end with a thought of his for would-be dramatists: "To write a tragedy in terms of comedy is to write the perfect play."

HELP FOR GERMANY

Captain A. O. Pollard, the author of *Bombers Over the Reich* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), has some interesting things to say about food and armaments. He is dealing with the desire of many people to send food to countries occupied by Germany, and protests that this would be playing into Germany's hands.

"They doubtless," says Captain Pollard, "would refrain from seizing the actual consignments: that would be too obvious! Instead, they would calculate how much less food the inhabitants required from existing stocks, and would 'requisition' accordingly for their own uses."

The food seized in captured countries, he points out, has not gone to relieve the shortage in Germany. Wheat, potatoes, milk, meat and other foods feed tanks, guns, aircraft and submarines. From 188,000 tons of potatoes 17,000 tons of fuel alcohol can be extracted, freeing 11,000 tons

CURTAIN UP

By Lennox Robinson
(Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)

BOMBERS OVER THE REICH

By Capt. A. O. Pollard
(Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.)

SECOND VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

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By H. B. Cresswell
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"Food filched from France," Captain Pollard sums up, "puts bombers over Britain; milk seized in the occupied lands carries U-boats out to sink neutral ships as well as British; meat from Denmark yields fats, glycerine, explosives, aeroplane parts, by substitutions and methods such as we have discussed."

The main theme of Captain Pollard's book is the way in which what he calls Britain's "Master Plan" is being applied to the bombing of Germany. The essence of the "master plan" is simply to do nothing without a purpose. Indiscriminate bombing is a waste of material; every load must be dropped where it will do most damage.

"The plan is an extension of our methods of economic warfare. It expedites, through bombing, the inevitably slow pressure of our sea blockade. It is essentially a long-term plan for use at those times when the absence of naval or military operations within effective range of our bombers leaves them free to strike at the core of the machine which feeds the Hun armed forces."

The greater part of Captain Pollard's book is made up of accounts of the bombers at their work, with many stories of individual heroism and resource.

Things move so quickly that books, and some of the conclusions of their authors, are apt to be falsified between the writing and the printing. For example, this author writes: "So far as genuine capital ships are concerned—those rightly classified as battleships or battle-cruisers—the experience of this war has been that they are exceedingly difficult objectives to damage seriously from the air." But, alas! the experience of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* and the calamity of Pearl Harbour must now cause this opinion to be looked on with some suspicion.

A GOOD NOVELIST

I must confess that I had not heard of Mr. Harold Weston till I came upon his novel *Second Voyage to Lilliput* (Collins, 9s. 6d.) and thereby I have been deprived of much enjoyment, for Mr. Weston is a very good novelist indeed.

There is nothing original in the matter of this book. The financial decay of a landed family, the "success story" of a pushful young man who built up a great tailoring business and received a peerage, the vagaries of too-rich Americans and their spoiled and petted daughters: all these are familiar ingredients. Mr. Weston even tacks on one of the stock situations of melodrama: the girl who is about to become a mother, marries a man who is not the father of her child, and keeps her secret for many years.

No, indeed, it is not to the situations that we must look for Mr. Weston's excellence, but to the presentation, to the charm of background, the urbanity and irony of the language, and to an apprehension of character which permits him to make the ancient situations with men and women so fresh that they

might never have been known walking these paths before.

"I considered the enormity which would have been perpetrated upon the human race if it had been permitted to mate indiscriminately with the partner of its choice. At eighteen every man would have wedded a Hollywood film star."

That is a good example of his smooth, ironic writing, at once amusing and wise. There is only one point at which his credibility breaks down. Even in these days when "honours" so often go to the highest bidder, I doubt whether a successful tailor could buy himself an earldom at the first smack. I have never known a case of a man going straight from a commoner's status to an earldom except for long public work in Government or the Services. A barony—yes. But an earldom? Not very likely.

If you remember *Diary from a Dustbin*, by H. B. Cresswell, you will welcome the author's new book *Grig* (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). This, too, is a diary: this time of a builder, Mr. Grigblay, a fine crusted character as rich and fruity as old port. We are shown Grig in his many relationships: with his workers, with his son-in-law, who was also his partner and whom Grig browbeat heartily into the paths of virtue, with architects, and with the "building-owner" for whom a job was being done. All these people are alive on the page. They pass through a convincing panorama of English life; and old Grig himself so grows on the reader's consciousness that he is as familiar as a next-door neighbour. Bravo, Grig! You and your book will be remembered when many more pretentious men and books are forgotten.

BOOK FOR BIRD-LOVERS

MR. ERIC PARKER, so long Editor-in-Chief of the *Field*, is well known as a bird enthusiast, and in a thick volume entitled *World of Birds* (Longmans Green, 8s. 6d.), he writes with zest and charm of birds small and large, of birds familiar and birds unfamiliar. He begins with a chapter on "Early Song," he devotes two chapters to birds in gardens, he has quite a lot to say about migration, and then he turns to woodpeckers, especially to that curious springtime "song" of the Great Spotted woodpecker known as "drumming." Many ornithologists hold that the bird produces this queer vibratory sound by rapid blows of its beak on a suitable branch, but Mr. Parker belongs to the vocal school and is convinced that the mechanical theory is wrong. His interesting reasons are too long to quote here and we can but refer the reader to the book itself, where there is an equally interesting chapter on "Drumming Snipe." The author has no doubt about the accepted theory, that the sound is caused by the vibration of the outer tail feathers as their owner dives through the air, being correct, for he has proved it. He fixed tail feathers from a snipe in the shaft of an arrow and shot the arrow into the air, when the sound was perfectly produced. Yet he has doubts; in view of later evidence he wonders whether the bird can also produce it vocally. The reader will find the "whys and wherefores" well set forth. But such ornithological controversies occupy only a portion of this truly charming book, which ranges over a field so wide, that after "colours of eggs," "rooks, curlews, changing habits, etc., we come to bird song in poetry.

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Bride in White

Classic ivory satin with Russian peasant bodice and Russian head-dress. Debenham and Freebody

THE war wedding is about the only occasion left when fashion can keep some traditional pomp. For the young bride, the family pour out their coupons so that she shall not lose the excitement of trousseau-buying, or be deprived of a white wedding dress if she and her fiancé have set their hearts on it. So we still enjoy white weddings. These dresses can be got for seven coupons. They are cut on classic lines, have the timeless charm of all simple things, can be put away for the next generation or dyed and adapted for the next leave. They take yards of material and are only possible because the large stores have ample supplies of certain white fabrics and are making them up as long as stocks last.

Ivory satin and matt chalk-white crêpe are first choice for materials. Sheath silhouettes predominate, skirts are moulded over the hips, ankle-length, and fall in long, limp folds, or are cut in fan-shaped sections at the back to form a small train. Veils are made from immense clouds of tulle, if old lace is not

available. They never cover the face. Sleeves are generally long and closely fitting with points slipping over the hands. Necklines and the waist are often embroidered with diamanté or pearl embroidery, generally matched by the head-dress. Hartnell shows an ivory slipper satin with a tight bodice and a spreading skirt that makes a short train. The décolletage is cut like a heart, sleeves are long and tight, and the dress, without any trimming of any kind whatsoever, is worn with a huge diamond cross that blazes away on the point of the heart. It is entirely covered at the back by an enormous cloud of ivory tulle which is attached to a Juliet cap of white satin with a semi-circle of orange blossoms at the back.

We have photographed a lovely ivory satin sheath wedding gown from Debenham and Freebody that shows the Russian influence in fashion. The waist yoke, like a peasant's costume, is embroidered with pearls and diamanté, with fold upon soft fold immediately above. The head-dress is Russian in inspiration with its shaped, embroidered band and a

ruched fan of white tulle behind making a halo. This dress has a graceful train. Another, with a halter of pearls across the front, and more embroidery at the waistline, is ankle-length and trainless. Bridesmaids are practically a thing of the past as coupons rule them out. When the bride chooses traditional white there is sometimes a maid of honour who usually wears a dinner dress—an ankle-length pencil of a dress, embroidered with beads or gauged on the bodice. For the bride who wants white, very inexpensive white, Debenham and Freebody make two dresses in ivory satin, both 7½ guineas. Both have yokes at the waist. One is short-sleeved and ankle-length, the other longer at the back so that it falls in folds that are almost a train. These dresses are only possible while existing stocks of material hold. Debenhams also hold lengths of French fabrics some enough for two or three wedding gowns, some for only one—as the white organza embroidered all over with a delicate tracery of silver leaves. They showed one that was being saved for a lucky summer bride. It is to be made into

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

(below) **SUITABLE FOR MANY OCCASIONS...**

One of our new and delightful spring frocks in fine wool, lovely shades. This charming example is in apple green with gay embroidered yoke in Pompeian red and gold. Also other colours obtainable. Several sizes **6½ gns.**

(Inexpensive Gowns—First Floor)



SMART SIMPLICITY...

(above)

In good quality novelty wool, this youthful dress features vandyked yoke of fine tucking, graceful skirt with soft box pleats. In navy, black, **98/6** and soft spring shades. Four sizes

Please quote hip measurements when ordering by post

We have received some of our

TAILORED WASHING FROCKS...

for which we are famous; early selection is advisable to avoid disappointment later.

("County Frocks" Dept.—First Floor.)

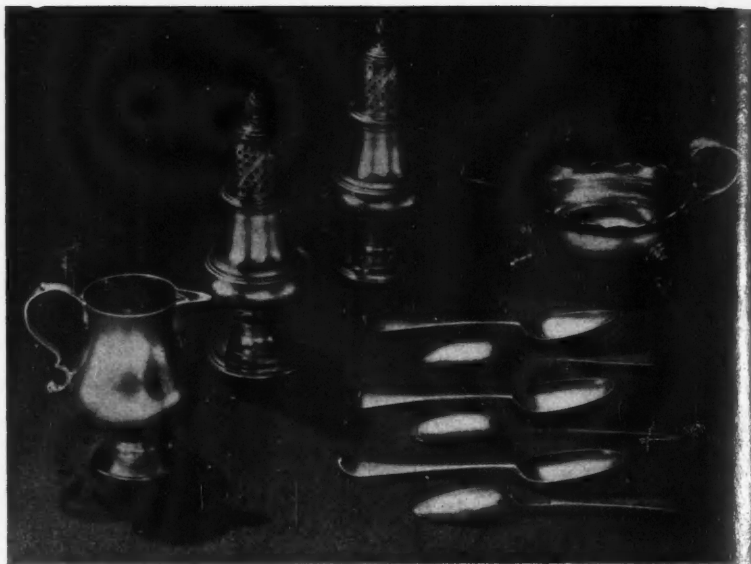


A group of antique silver from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' collection, small pieces that make charming wedding gifts. There are many others for all tastes and all purses.

a picture dress with a great spreading skirt and a simple, tight bodice. Head-dress and slippers are to be silver; white lilies of the valley will be carried in a silver holder.

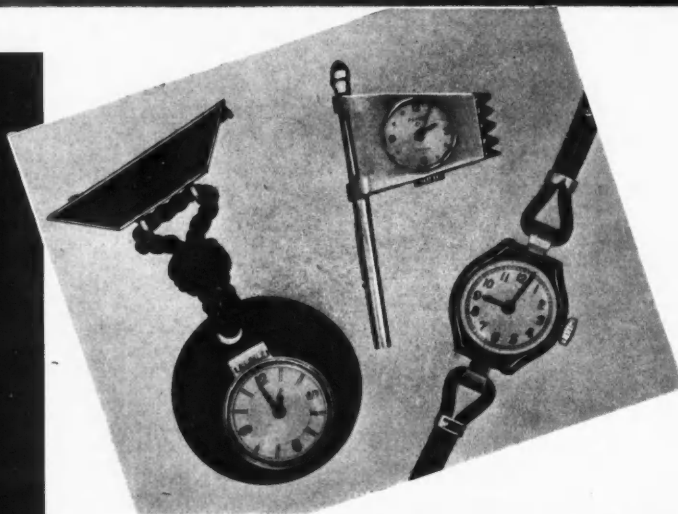
Dinner dresses in the Hartnell Spring Collection were as simple in line as they could be, made in gaudy printed crêpe de Chines or in matt moss crêpes in brilliant plain colours. One in pansy blue would make an exquisite bridal gown, or frock for a maid of honour. It had long tight sleeves with a narrow inlet band of rouleaux of the material making a ladder all up the sleeves, and a bow in the same openwork rouleaux on the chest. The neckline was plain and round, as were all for these dinner dresses. The skirt was an ankle-length sheath with a small godet at the back which gave a very pretty movement when walking. The prints in West Indian colours, with the pattern worked in horizontal bands of about 3 ins. or 4 ins. wide, were outstanding; so were the many colour combinations of turquoise and wine. A Paisley print in these colours was embroidered in large flowers of chalk-white beads and small red beads round the neck and on the tiny puffed sleeves.

The bride who is not married in white is married in blue.



Heart-shaped Décolletage

Chalk-white crêpe, absolutely matt, with diamanté embroidery sparkling at the neck, which is cut into a heart shape and filled in with white net. The dress falls in long, limp folds to the ankles. The veil is enormous, cascading down from a spray of arum lilies. Marshall and Snelgrove.



Watches from Aspreys. The fob is bloodstone on polished wood in a gold case. The wrist watch is gold on a rolled band; the flag watch, gold and jewelled, clips into the lapel. This comes in silver and gold, and there are still a few in enamel.

Mr. Hartnell and all the shops tell me that 95 out of a 100 who choose a colour choose blue. In the Hartnell collection there was an ensemble—a short-sleeved thin wool dress and long coat in a deep bluebell blue. The chemise dress was tucked all over in a trellis design, moulded to the figure, has a serrated hem. The coat was collarless with a wide inlet belt with serrated edges. Another Hartnell wedding ensemble was in the lovely grey-green cactus colour he is so fond of. A hip-length box coat with bracelet length sleeves was edged with blue fox, went over a tucked dress.

These blue dresses come in every conceivable shade of love-in-the-mist, hydrangea, bluebell, hyacinth, periwinkle, aquamarine and grey-blue. Materials, either rayon or wool, have a slightly pebbled surface like a marocain. Dresses are tailored and slim; generally skirts are pleated, some kilted, some sunray pleated so that they melt away at the hips. Most of them are accompanied by a jacket or a bolero which makes them a very useful garment afterwards. You can get a thin woollen dress and long-sleeved bolero, not exceeding 16 ins. in length, for 16 coupons, the same thing in rayon for 10 coupons, a thin woollen dress and unlined coat for 26 coupons, the same thing in rayon for 16 coupons. If the dress does not have a matching jacket it is often worn with a blue fox jacket. These pastel colours are charming, dye well either black or navy. The only other colours which seem to be at all in the picture are a dusty pink and beige, occasionally lilac. We are photographing some of these blue dresses, and will publish them next week.

Buying presents is a difficult problem. The shops are practically denuded of certain things we regarded as staples, such as china tea-sets and modern cutlery and plate, but there are all kinds of other things to compensate. At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths I found lovely antique silver—charming sets of six silver tea-spoons from £2 upwards, antique pepper casters, sugar sifters, salt cellars, cream jugs and so on, as well as large sets and pieces for all prices. The manager of this department will be pleased to advise customers unable to choose for themselves if they will write and state how much they are willing to spend.

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1 "Stroller" by Joyce.
Suede trimmed calf.
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All sizes. **59'9**

2 Calf shoe with warm
lining and leather heel.
Brown only.

All sizes. **59'6****Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge**

3 Real Crocodile Derby
tie shoe with leather
Cuban heel. Chestnut
Brown or Black.

All sizes. **5 GNS.**

4 Real Crocodile tab shoe
with leather heel.
Chestnut Brown only.

All sizes. **5½ GNS.**

5 "Frontier" by Joyce, in Morocco
leather for indoor or outdoor
wear. Green, Navy, Beige,
Wine or Brown/Orange.

All sizes. **49'6**

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., London, S.W.1.

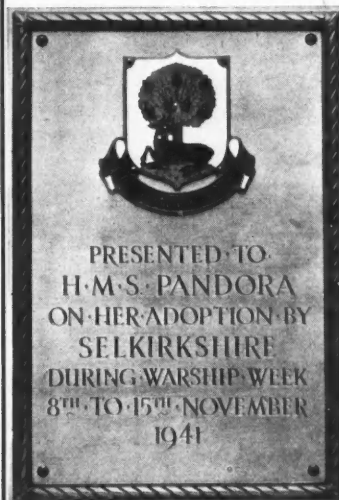
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29 MURIELSTON CRESCENT

EDINBURGH

DESIGNS ON APPLICATION

THE ESTATE MARKET

A SOUND SECURITY

COURAGE and a long view are needed to-day by most investors in stocks and shares, and it cannot be denied that many owners of real estate too are passing through a difficult time. In some cases rents have ceased entirely as a result of war damage, and those to whom they were the sole source of income are hard put to it to find the wherewithal to meet war damage insurance, the demands of the tax collector, and payments of ground rent or other fixed liabilities in the case of leaseholds. But these difficulties are common to us all, and imprudence cannot be imputed to those who embarked their funds in bricks and mortar.

STABILITY AND MARKETABILITY

REAL estate has its fluctuations like everything else, but the more minutely we examine large classes of it the more clearly the evidence emerges of its stability, and of the fact that, especially as a long-term investment, there is nothing that equals it. Court favourites and politicians who asked for grants of manors were wise in their generation and for their descendants; the City merchants who, desirous to provide almshouses or other charities for their guilds, bequeathed small bits of land on the fringe of the City to their companies, builded better than they knew in a financial sense, since most of these fields have long ago become sites that, instead of a grazing rent of a few pounds, now produce ground rents of thousands of pounds annually. It is not many months since such a bit of land at Islington, worth about £14 a year to an eighteenth-century testator, was shown to be, and for a long time past to have been, producing £15,000 or £16,000 a year. There are extensive acreages in the suburbs that, originally devolving to colleges and estimated at trifling annual value, are now closely covered with houses, factories and other premises, and reveal a higher rate of increment than any other security that could be named.

EVENTUAL LIMITATIONS ON SUPPLY

PERPETUAL corporations are likely to go on holding their real estate, and perhaps to witness further agreeable examples of improving values. The average individual holder of real estate, not having any prospect of family tenure extending down the centuries, is content with drawing what income he can, and, if there are family legatees, leaving it to their judgment or necessity as to what becomes of it eventually. Millions of pounds' worth of urban and suburban land have, in the last few

years, passed from personal owners into the possession of joint stock companies for the erection of blocks of flats. Thousands of acres have been covered with small houses; and now looming ahead are the innumerable changes which may result from a systematic control of future use of every class of land. The net effect must be that there will be less property for disposal and whenever investment activity recommences on its former scale, prices should respond to it accordingly. Thus the buyer or holder of real estate may still regard real estate as among the best of all possible securities, uniting permanence with stability and, normally, a satisfactory yield of interest with potential improvement in capital value.

THE SALE OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S PROPERTY

A FEW WEEKS ago Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley disposed of the Roseneath Estate, in the county of Dumbarton, extending to 6,830 acres, on behalf of the trustees of the late Duke of Argyll. The firm is now instructed by the trustees to sell by private treaty, Macharoch Estate, on the Mull of Kintyre, in Argyllshire, extending to 1,300 acres. The property comprises the mansion, formerly the residence of Ina Duchess of Argyll, four good dairy and two mixed farms, varying in area from 36 to 491 acres, let on yearly tenancies, and many acres of leasehold land, producing in all an actual rent roll of £771 per annum, excluding the assessed rental of the mansion. Macharoch affords excellent bathing facilities and has a small golf course. Machrihanish, with its golf course, is about 10 miles distant, and the county town, Campbeltown, is 12 miles off. The shootings give principally grouse, partridge, pheasant and snipe.

ON THE SHROPSHIRE BORDER

RECENT transactions by Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison's Shrewsbury office include:—(Sold) The Abergwynant Hall Estate, near Dolgelley, 700 acres, comprising a stone residence, modernised, cottages, farms and woodlands; Tickwood Hall, near Much Wenlock, Shropshire, a Georgian residence (17 bedrooms and six bathrooms), with 247 acres, sold for Captain E. H. Villiers to Mr. A. J. MacAlpine; portions of Little Stretton Estate, South Shropshire, comprising Malt House Farm and woodlands, about 100 acres; Longshoots, Muckiestone, modern house on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire; Brooklands Estate, near Market Drayton, house,

home farm and cottages, in all 50 acres; The Old Hall, Little Wenlock, a Tudor house with 3 acres; farms varying from 30 to 320 acres, including Frodesley Hall Farm, near Shrewsbury; (total acreage sold by the firm in the last six months over 2,500 acres): (Let) The Dower House, Quatt, near Bridgnorth; Benthall Hall, near Broseley, Shropshire, a fine Tudor house, with one short break since the thirteenth century, the seat of the Benthall family; and (Purchases) The Mill House, Hanwood; The Old House, Stanford in the Vale, near Faringdon, Berkshire; and Frodesley Old Hall, near Shrewsbury.

DEMAND FOR SUSSEX LAND

MR. JOHN PELHAM PAPILLON has sold Crowhurst Park, near Battle. Mr. Jackson Stops, head of the firm of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, was in the rostrum at Bexhill, and a large company of tenants hoping to secure their particular lots assembled, and found in their midst at least half a dozen representatives of would-be buyers of the estate as a whole. Bidding opened at £1,000 and went rapidly to £24,000, and after a trifling addition of £200, the estate changed hands. For this the buyer will receive the old-fashioned house and the park of 240 acres and four farms, altogether 930 acres. The vendor's family had held the estate for something like six centuries.

LORD HARDWICKE'S SALE

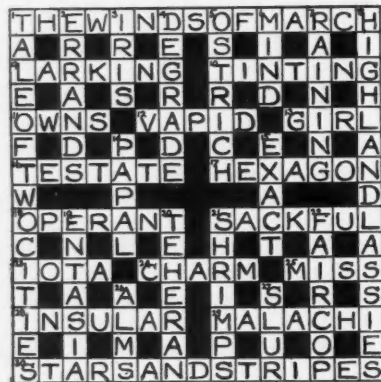
LORD HARDWICKE has disposed of Dale Park, near Arundel, including the mansion. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff acted for the purchasers, and Lord Hardwicke's agents in the matter were Messrs. Mellersh and Harding. The 2,500 acres, between Arundel and Chichester, include large farms, and a valuable bed of gravel, a material that is every day increasingly in demand for all the building that is in progress.

CHINESE BRONZES AND IVORY

JOINTLY, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Cronk, have been instructed by the executors of Mrs. Hermina Melchers to dispose of the contents of Rusholme, Crockham Hill, near Edenbridge, Kent. The auction will take place on the premises, commencing on Tuesday, March 17, and it will continue for two days. Included in the sale are fine examples of Chinese and Japanese art in bronzes, carved ivories, cloisonné and enamel ware, and porcelain, as well as cabinets. The general furnishings comprise choice Persian rugs and carpets, English and French furniture; the pictures include examples by P. Potter, G. D. Leslie, R.A., and Wouvermans. Silver and Sheffield plate, books, Georgian silver, wines and spirits, china and glass, are also catalogued and included are an Austin 12 black saloon motor car (1938) and a Guernsey cow. ARBITER.

SOLUTION to No. 631.

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 27, will be announced next week.



The winner of Crossword No. 630 is Mr. H. P. Jaggard, 23, Bradleigh Avenue, Grays, Essex.

ACROSS

1. A hundred more join the A.T.S. (4)
3. Floral fetters for the buttercup? (two words, 5, 5)
9. Perhaps a military settlement, but it harbours a politician (4)
10. "Gets no goat" (anagr.) (three words, 3, 2, 5)
12. Papal dismay? (5)
13. Tries in writing, one might say (6)
15. Pluto's just this to Sambo! (3)
18. Sheriff (5)
19. Lingual facilities in an American road-house? Well, it seems you can get it said comfortably (9)
22. "A rest cure" (anagr.) (9)

CROSSWORD
No. 632

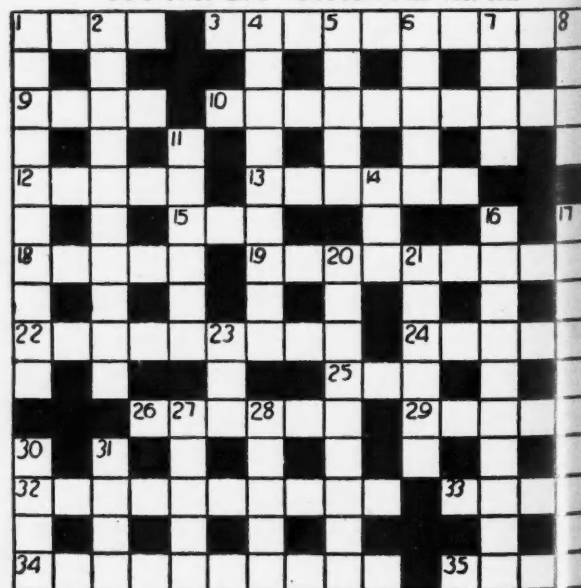
24. Leather strap (5)
25. Small and partly deft (3)
26. Book of the sea (6)
29. Ling for Central and South America only? (5)
32. Old movie missile (two words, 7, 3)
33. Increases (4)
34. The racketeer will do the first cheaply and the second as high as possible (three words, 3, 3, 4)
35. He may be said to have put on canvas *L'Homme Qui Rit* (has round about 50 to his name) (4)

DOWN

1. Fabulous monster has the rooster well in evidence (10)
2. An hour here and an hour there? No, all 12 are on their faces (10)
4. Germany and/or Japan (9)
5. Are we their keepers? Ask Napoleon (5)
6. Sark, perhaps, but no island (5)
7. A king in the Bible, but a captain in *Moby Dick* (4)
8. Not east, at all events (4)
11. "The — hath borne most: we that are young, Shall never see so much —" — *Shakespeare* (6)
14. Hawaiian drink (3)
16. Cartographical expression of the land of the "coral strand" (three words, 3, 2, 5)
17. Tumblers under observation? No, you should see through them easily! (10)
20. Necessary (9)
21. A Lord Mayor's faithful companion in youth? (6)
23. Purpose for us in the East (3)
27. Inward digestion should follow (5)
28. Floats (5)
30. Healed wound (4)
31. If it came apart it might be just a fling, but as it is, it's pale as dust (4)

A prize, to the value of two guineas, of books published by COUNTRY LIFE will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 632, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on Thursday, March 12, 1942.

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